THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,116.

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME XVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1882. NUMBER 33.

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I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

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Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York. [9-25,'82.-1y.]

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That terrible scourge, fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession, and then to the public at large, by S. B. Hartman, M. D. He has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients with the most gratifying results.
Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir. [In Constipation, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, MANALIN should be given with it.]
PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself.
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Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's pamphlet on the "Ills of Life," Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Osborn, O., proprietors.
For Piles and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles, $5.00.

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SALARY $20 per week to live agents. Something new. Sells on sight. THE TEMPLE OF LIFE; representing the Past, Present and Future. A fine lithograph in six elegant tints. Size, 22 x 33. Comments of Press. "It is a beautifully finished work of art, non-sectarian; conveys the truth of immortality in an unmistakable manner."—Pitts. Chronicle. "A great deal of ideality and artistic taste shown in composition, clearly and gracefully blended into a harmonious whole."—Pitts. Eve'ng Telegraph. Sample free. Send for circular
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IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them to your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run!
There may come a time in the by and by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Whence youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

"REVENGE IS SWEET."

A MOUNTAIN MURDER FROM A POLITICAL QUARREL—A PENNSYLVANIA STORY OF NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

On the evening of September 9, 1839, two men were having a fierce and angry dispute upon the subject of politics in the bar-room of the only hotel—it was called a tavern in those days—in the town of Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sitting around them and listening to the dispute were the landlord, two or three of his guests, a couple of stage-drivers, the tavern hostler, and one or two of the townspeople.

The disputants were, politically, a Whig and Democrat; in business one was a peddler, who, with his team, and wagon load of notions, stopped for the night on his way from Wilkesbarre to Montrose; the other was a traveler, who, it appeared, had at previous times met the peddler at other towns between Wyoming valley, on the old post road, and Philadelphia.

They had been disputing before supper, and now had resumed it with an earnestness and vigor which was fast changing the political differences of opinion into a personal altercation. The peddler, who was a Whig of the Henry Clay stripe, became violent in his denunciation of Van Buren, free trade and everything connected with the then dominant party, and his antagonist, the traveler, was equally as bitter in wordy invective against the aristocratic Whigs, their protective tariff and all the principles of the party.

The peddler was George Riker; the traveler had made himself known to the landlord as Amos Elliott.

In the little bar-room gathering was one man who sat apart, or rather in the corner near the stairway door, and somewhat in the shadow of the not very brightly lamp-lighted room. He was evidently a stranger to those present, and, according to the landlord's statement as a witness, was a commercial traveler for a Philadelphia dry goods house and had stopped over one stage to transact some business, and on this occasion he was waiting for the next stage to go on his way over the mountains northward to Montrose.

He was apparently not inclined to be social; he had said but little to any one, but it was noticed that he was intently interested in the dispute between Riker and Elliott.

At last the peddler became terribly excited, and from politics launched into bitter personalities, and Elliott retorted equally savagely, and at last, jumping to his feet, he exclaimed:

"I say that Henry Clay is nothing but a Kentucky gambler, a trickster; and those who believe in him are no better than he is!"

"You're a liar!" cried the peddler; "and your whole Locofoco party is made up of the ruff-scruff, rag-tag and bobtail of the States—the prison birds, the scum of creation—and Kinderhook Van is the biggest scoundrel of the lot."

"Do you call me a prison-bird?" cried Elliott facing the peddler with clenched fists, his eyes gleaming with passion.

"You're a Locofoco, and that covers the ground," replied the peddler sturdily and with an equal show of ferocity of purpose.

In a moment Elliot struck at the peddler with his fist. The peddler partly evaded the blow, and then the antagonists clenched, and there was every promise of a lively if not dangerous bar-room fight.

The witnesses to this encounter leaped to their feet, and two or three of them, including the landlord, rushed in and with some difficulty pulled the beligerents apart. Elliott's face was bleeding.

"Damn you, I'll be even with you for this before your a day older, you infernal thieving peddler."

The peddler's answer was a derisive laugh.

"There'll be one less vote in your party next election, you—low lived—"

The landlord stopped him in his speech, and after some persuasion Elliott was ordered to be quiet.

The stranger, sitting in the shadow, made no move, as did the rest of the crowd, to interfere in the fight; he simply sat there looking on, silent and apparently unconcerned as to the result of the brawl.

Elliott sat near the bar, scowling grim and eyeing the peddler as a panther might glare at its victim before springing upon it.

"What time will the stage get here?" said the stranger to the landlord.

"It's nigh upon eight o'clock. It ought to hev driv in before this. You see, after it gits out of the valley the pullin's hard on the horses, 'specially as it is now, after a heavy rain like we had to-day. But I guess it'll be along soon. Sometimes they git a little breakdown, or there's a break in the harness and makes delay."

Nine o'clock came, and yet the stage had not arrived, and stage stories occupied the time of the tavern sitters. A few minutes after nine the peddler, taking the hostler's lantern, started for the stables, which were at the rear of the tavern; and separated from it by a wide yard used for the wagons and vehicles of travelers.

Elliott, a moment later, went out by the front door, as was supposed, to look up the road to catch a glimpse of the expected stage.

Fifteen minutes later, according to the testimony of those present, the stage lamps were seen in the distance. The arrival of the stage was a daily event, the excitement of which made the tavern loungers forget everything else. As the stage drove up to the door, Elliott suddenly went up to the landlord and said:

"Landlord, how much is my bill? I'll take this stage and go to Montrose to-night."

In the hurry of the moment the landlord merely named the amount, took the money and thrust it into his pocket. There was the regulation change of horses, the banter between the driver and the hostlers, the usual getting out of passengers to "moisten up" at the bar, and the bustle of getting ready to start.

At ten minutes of ten, as the landlord averred, the stage was driven off, and rattled away up the street into the darkness of the mountain road to Montrose.

Scarcely was the stage out of sight when Jack Shaw, the head hostler, rushed into the bar-room with blanched face, his eyes distended with terror and trembling in every limb.

"My God! There's been a murder! Come quick—in the stable yard—quick!"

Those present at once ran out, following the frightened hostler, who led the way, holding up his lantern in his quivering hand. Sure enough there was a murder.

There, directly behind his fancifully-painted wagon, in the darkness and on the soft stable ground, lay the fast-stiffening form of George Riker, the peddler, one of his hands clenching as in a death-grip the tin lantern he had taken out with him, and his lower limbs drawn up in his last agony. The appalled group, their faces strangely pallid in the dim light of the hostler's lantern, looked down at the motionless form. The face of the dead man was covered with blood, the eyes wide open and stonily staring upward. His throat had been cut from ear to ear.

An hour later the body was lying on a wooden settee in a little room adjoining the bar-room. Upon examination it was found that the peddler's money, of which he had considerable in his pocket, was undisturbed; his watch and all his valuables were upon his person as he wore them in life. Therefore robbery was not the motive of the assassin.

Suspicion pointed at Elliott. His threats in his rage at the peddler; the assertion that there would be one vote less in his (the peddler's) party; his surly nature, and his evident retention of his anger after the quarrel, all indicated to those present that he was the assassin. Added to this was the now particularly remembered facts that he had gone out of the bar-room a few minutes after the peddler had started for the stables, and when the stage drove up he had, apparently greatly excited, paid the landlord his bill and departed for Montrose.

In the early morning examination of the ground where the peddler's body was found resulted in the discovery of an ordinary pocket knife, and on the little silvered plate inserted in the bone handle were the initials "A. E."

"Why, it's Elliott's knife—Amos Elliott," was the exclamation, mental or spoken, of all present.

The tavern suffered from no lack of custom on that day, for it was thronged by the excited townspeople. The sheriff and three of his deputies mounted horses and started in pursuit of Amos Elliott. Down the rugged descents of the road, up the winding turns of the way around the mountains, they rode at breakneck speed. At Montrose they found the driver of the coach, some of the passengers, and among these the stranger who had been so quiet a spectator of the bar-room quarrel, but no sight of Elliott.

Did he come to Montrose? Yes, the driver said, so did the passengers. The town was searched. At length he was found at the house of a Mr. Blodgett, whom he claimed as a relative, and to whom he was as he claimed paying a brief visit. He was pinioned, despite his protestations of innocence and vigorous denial of all knowledge of the crime, and taken back, strongly guarded, to Tunkhannock. He seemed from that time until his trial in October, to be completely broken in spirit, and at the bar he stood up weak, pale and thin—more like a spectre than a being of life.

Briefly, the defense offered by his attorney was that he had always been friendly with the peddler; that there was nothing more than passing anger in his threats; that he did not again see the peddler after he went to the stable yard with his lantern, and that he had loaned the knife found near the peddler an hour before the political quarrel occurred. He also proved his life to have been irreproachable; his disposition to be peaceable except when arguing politics.

Despite all efforts, the evidence against him was unbroken, and when added to this came the testimony of the sheriff, that when arrested there was found stains of human blood upon his coat sleeve, which Elliott claimed was from bleeding of the nose, to which he was subject—the verdict of the jury was guilty. Elliott was sentenced to be hanged the following December.

In the latter part of November there came to the Tunkhannock tavern a stage passenger who was recognized by the landlord as one of the guests present in the bar-room on the night of the murder of the peddler; he was none other than the stranger, the dry-goods commercial traveler, who had sat apart, and was so notably quiet for one of his class. He was pale and haggard, as uncommunicative as ever, and was evidently suffering from illness of some kind, either mental or physical. He proposed to rest over night, and proceed on his former journey over his route in the next day's stage.

In the morning the landlord went to his room to wake him. The stranger—his name was Cartwright—was too weak to rise. A terrible change had come upon him. A physician was sent for immediately. He pronounced the disease to be quick consumption, and informed the landlord that with his guest it was a question of but a few hours so far as death was concerned.

"Have you any relative to whom I can send word?" asked the landlord.

"Only one—the woman that was my wife. And thank God she is in a lunatic asylum hopelessly insane—made mad by her own damnable sin," was the reply made in a low, broken tone.

"You know that the doctor has but little hope of your recovery?"

"Yes, I overheard what he said. Send for the judge of the court or the prosecuting attorney who held the trial of Amos Elliott—I wish—wish to see them—or—one of them?"

The wondering landlord found the attorney; the judge was away on circuit duty.

"You are Mr. Leban?" said the dying traveler.

"Yes."

"You believe Amos Elliott murdered the peddler?"

"Beyond a doubt. The evidence was circumstantially the most conclusive I ever heard."

"Sir, Amos Elliott was not the murderer. I came here, knowing that I was nearing my death, to save him. I killed George Riker, the peddler, and I do not repent the deed. Listen. Ten years ago—that was when he first went on the road—I kept a hotel in Middletown. My wife was young, foolish and vain. I loved her, despite her faults. This George Riker stopped in my house frequently; he captivated my wife and finally she eloped with him. I swore to have his life. He and she disappeared beyond all trace until a year ago, and then I heard that on this road he had resumed his former business. At the same time I discovered that he had placed my wife, his mistress, in a lunatic asylum.

"From place to place I followed him, seeking an opportunity to reap my revenge and yet escape the punishment of the law. I had so changed, by growth of beard and mustache and age, in the ten years that, although he met me frequently, he did not recognize me.

"When he went out on that fatal night I saw my chance. I went out to the front door, turned the corner of the house, entered the stable yard and saw him holding up his lantern at the end of the wagon. I crept swiftly to his back, caught him by the hair, pulled his head back, and, with a butcher's short knife I had carried for months, I nearly severed his head from his body. All this was done within ten minutes, and I was back again at the front door, looking for the stage and gloating over my revenge.

"I knew the circumstances would point to Elliott as the murderer. I felt safe from suspicion. When I grasped Riker and pulled his head back, and as I drew the knife across his throat I hissed in his ear the last words he ever heard on earth: 'This from John Cartwright!' and I hope he will be haunted by the same through all eternity."

Afterward Cartwright made the proper affidavits of the truth of his statement. The blood-stained knife, the farewell letter of his wretched wife, left for him when she eloped with Riker, and a letter from the superintendent of the lunatic asylum were found in his valise, and on the day Elliott was to be executed he was released and honorably discharged.

On that same day John Cartwright, the real assassin, breathed his last, his dying words being, "Revenge is sweet!"

"DON'T WORK FOR ANYBODY."—How that phrase can mean the same as "works for everybody," is more than one understands, until a reference to the duties and all-day cares of a house-wife and mother explains the paradox. The *Women's Journal* says: "A little boy, on his way to build fires and sweep offices in Boston, while the stars were yet in the sky, told the writer: 'My mother gets me up, builds the fire and gets my breakfast and sends me off. Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildering look, he said "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any money into it."

This wife of a day laborer represents a large class of hard-working women.

There is more than one "labor of love" that draws no pay—in cash—but mankind would be a much meaner race if all such labor were turned into a hireling's task. The true wife and mother could not respect herself if all her services at home were counted at a price and settled for in day's or week's wages.

LODGED IN A BATH.—A newly-married pair, who arrived on their hoenymoon trip at a celebrated Scotch watering-place at a time when accommodations was at a premium, had a mattress spread for them by a compassionate innkeeper in one of his baths. In the middle of the night the house was alarmed by loud shrieks proceeding from the nuptial chamber. What was the matter? Well, this. The young bride, wishing to ring for a maid, had caught hold of what she presumed to be the bell-rope, and pulled it smartly. Unhappily for her and her spouse, it was the cord of the shower-bath over their heads, and forthwith down plumped such a deluge of cold water as would throw a damper upon the most devoted of honeymooning couples. Her husband, in dismay, caught frantically on another cord on his side of the extemporized couch, but the only response was an equally liberal deluge of water, this time boiling hot. The unhappy pair then screamed in unison and the bride, in the excitement of the moment, uttered sentiments anything but complimentary to her fond husband. When the servants came, they were just in time to rescue the unlucky pair from drowning, for the room was already half full of water, and the wife was perched like a monkey on her husband's back, uttering the most lamentable cries, while her good man was fumbling about in the dark, trying his best to find the door.

THE RAZOR-BACK HOG.—To the traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most peculiar features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text-book on the science of geometry. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on a corns, pecan nuts and roots; when he can spare time he climbs under his owner's fence and assists in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and when his duty to his owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of attention. Crossing the razor-back with the blue blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire or Poland-China hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track the railroad company pays for him at the rate of $1 per pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the country razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine-knot.

EVERYTHING about a church should be pure; but, alas! in many of them even the glass windows are stained.

THE PICTORIAL PRAYER BOOK.

BY GEORGE PARKINGSON.

It was many a long year ago, and the scene of my story is the office of one of the most respectable notaries in Paris, Monsieur Dubois—a man of the old school, universally respected for his good sense, probity and benevolence. There were present, besides the notary himself, a lady of middle age, richly dressed; she could never have been handsome, but perhaps had her countenance been less proud or disdainful she would not have appeared as she did—positively ugly; an insignificant looking little man and a woman, very shabbily dressed, who sat some distance from the others, holding the hand of a beautiful little boy.

"Her death was rather sudden," said Madame Moranville, the richly clad lady, to the man in black.

"Yes," replied he coolly; "but no doubt she was well prepared."

"Have you any idea of the contents of the will?"

"Not the slightest; but we shall soon know. Dubois will open it directly."

"Pray, who is that shabby looking woman? What business can she have here?"

"Oh! don't you know her? It's the runaway niece, Marie, who made such a disgraceful match some years ago with a lieutenant in the army—a man of low birth."

At that moment Marie approached the speaker; she was scarcely middle age, but sorrow had been beforehand with time in robbing her cheek of its bloom and her eyes of their lustre.

"Pray, what brings you here?" said Madame Moranville, haughtily.

"Madame," replied the poor widow, "I'm not come to interfere with your rights; I know I have deserved nothing from my aunt but her pardon, and I hope to hear she has left me that."

"What!" cried Madame Moranville, "pardon to you, the disgrace of your family, who fled from the protection of your aunt—the best of aunts—with a low fellow!"

"Madame, I acknowledge my fault. I have been ungrateful and disobedient, I know it, but my sufferings have been so great that I hope Heaven will pardon me; for I have looked upon the loss of my husband, and the poverty and sorrow attendant upon it, as a punishment from above."

"And you deserved—"

"Cease thy reproaches, Madame," said the notary in a stern voice; "your cousin's fault is not so very grievous as to call for them."

"But why should you insult me with her presence?"

"She has a right to be here," replied the notary. "She came at my desire."

He then proceeded to read the will, in which, after the usual preamble, the deceased divided the property into three parts.—The first was composed of a sum of eight thousand pounds in the hands of a notary; the second of a furnished seat of some value and some family jewels; the third of an illustrated prayer-book. The will then proceeded as follows:

"I desire that my property may be divided into three lots: the first to be the eight thousand pounds; the second the chateau, furniture and jewels; the third my prayer-book, which is still in the same state as when I took it with me in the emigration during the reign of terror. I pardon my niece, Marie, for the sorrow she has caused me; and, as a proof of my sincerity, I mention her in my will. My beloved cousin, Madame Moranville, will have the first choice, my brother-in-law, Monsieur d'Arlemont, the second, and Marie the last.

"Ah! my sister-in-law was a sensible woman," cried M. d'Arlemont.

"Yes," said Madame Moranville, tittering, "she has given a proof of it. Marie will only have the prayer-book."

The notary, who seemed scarce able to contain his indignation, interrupted the titterer.

"What lot do you choose, Madame?" said he.

"The eight thousand pounds."

"Madame Moranville, you are rich, and your cousin is very poor; cannot you leave this lot and take the prayer-book that this—this"—he seemed for a moment at a loss for an expression—"this strange will has put in the balance with the other lots?"

"Are you joking, Monsieur Dubois? or don't you see my honored cousin has made her will with the express intention that her prayer-book should fall to Marie, who was to have the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"I conclude that she desired her niece should understand that prayer and repentance were the only succors she ought to expect in this life. Ah! she was a saint, that dear woman."

"Saint, quotha!" cried the notary indignantly; "may Heaven defend me from such saints! An unforgiving, unnatural woman! I am wrong. I do her injustice. Her intention, I am sure, was to give you and Monsieur d'Arlemont an opportunity of doing a good, a noble action by dividing the property equally with her poor niece."

"Monsieur d'Arlemont will do as he pleases; I repeat that my choice is made."

"And so is mine," said M. d'Arlemont; "I shall take the chateau and all it contains."

"In that case," said the notary addressing Marie, "I can only give you, my good Madame Le Feyre, the prayer-book."

She took the book and pressing it to her lips, she held it to her son's, who cried out with childish delight at the sight of its richly-gilt cover; "O mamma! let me have it."

"Yes, my boy, you shall have it; it will be the only legacy I can leave you. But never, never, will I part with it. Thank heaven, she has pardoned me. She has said it, and I know she was truth itself."

The notary turned away his head.

"Don't go, Madame Le Feyre," said he; "I must speak to you by and by."

At that moment the boy, in playing with the book, unclasped it, and cried out: "Oh, mamma, look at the pretty pictures. But why are they all covered over with this nice thin paper?"

"It is to keep them from being soiled."

"But why put six papers to every picture?"

His mother looked; she uttered a piercing cry, and fell fainting into the arms of Monsieur Dubois, who said to those present: "Let her alone, it is nothing; she will not die this time. Give me that book, child; you may do mischief to it."

The two rich legatees went away, commenting not very charitably on Marie's swoon and the evident interest the notary took in her.

About a month afterward they met Madame Le Feyer and her son, both well-dressed, riding in a very pretty carriage with two horses. That unexpected sight led them to make inquiry after her, and they found that she had purchased a handsome house, and was livivg in a quiet but very good style. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, they went together to question the notary. They found him at his desk.

"Do we interrupt you?" said the lady.

"I am not particularly busy; only making out an account of bank stock I have just bought for Madame Le Feyre."

"And for heaven's sake where does it come from?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"No; how should I?"

"Did you not see what was in the book when she fainted?"

"No."

"Well, then, I must tell you that the prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each was covered by six bank notes of fifty pounds each!"

"Good heavens!" cried the gentleman.

"Oh! if I had but known!" said the lady.

ONCE A KING, NOW A MINER.

At Pueblo, Colorado, there is a man who once reigned as a king. This royal personage came to the State penniless a few months since, and, strange to relate, here he met an old companion who was with him when be ruled a kingdom and held dominant sway over one of the richest little principalities in the world. He is an American by parentage—Col. A. B. Steinberger—and has relatives living here.

His old companion-in-arms is Mr. Syl. Wright, well known in Denver, and a wanderer who has visited all the inhabited portions of the globe. The story of Steinberger, as told by Mr. Wright to a *Tribune* reporter, forms a chapter unequalled in fiction, and shows what a man can do when he is blessed with plenty of self-assurance and reliance. Some twenty years ago Steinberger, then in Chili, which he had reached from San Francisco, sailed in a yacht across the smiling Pacific, intending to reach New Zealand and Australia in the frail craft. Directly on their route were the Samoan Islands, one of the largest and most important groups in the vast expanse of water. There they landed to supply their larder with provender and make necessary repairs before proceeding further on their hazardous voyage.

They were so kindly received by the natives that their stoppage was prolonged, and ere long they had grown so attached to their new quarters that they refused to go further. The natives, from sailors who had previously landed, had learned of the republic beyond the seas, and had a faint conception of its power and grandeur, and they wished to place themselves under the protection of so great a country. They feared they would meet the fate of their more barbarous neighbors, the Fiji islanders, and be placed under British rule, and such a condition of things they did not at all relish. They communicated their plans to Steinberger, who, of course, heartily approved of them, and at the same time saw he might become the representative of a great government, as also the real ruler of one of the garden spots of the earth.

Before these plans were fully matured, however, Steinberger had been in the country over three years, and had taken unto himself a wife from among the natives, and had greatly increased his power and prestige in the land. Finally he commenced his preparations for a return to the United States. His yacht was rebuilt and enlarged, and it was not long before he was once again in his native land, and was presenting his claims to General Grant, who was favorably impressed with the idea, and the necessary credentials and papers of authority were made out and given to him.

Armed with them, he returned to the Island Paradise and his wife. Arrived there, he placed the islands under the courted protection of the republic—that is, he pretended to do so—but in reality he assumed complete control of the islands, and ere long he was crowned king, and his power was supreme. He made a great many improvements in the islands, all of which were greatly admired and appreciated by his subjects. However, it must be said that these benefits were introduced merely from selfish motives, for as the kingdom increased in wealth and prosperity, so did his coffers grow heavier with gold, and his affluence became more and more felt. An unlucky day came, however, a day fraught with political disaster and financial ruin. One day there sailed into the harbor of the capital an English man-of-war, with orders to take possession of the islands and convert them into marine stations for that great maritime power. In short order Steinberger was deposed, his kingdom upset and his treasures taken from him. The English took possession, and history tells what has since occurred in the island.

However, that was not the last of Steinberger. Insult was added to injury on the island, and when, finding things too hot for him, he sought to make his escape, he found that his yacht had been stolen, and nowhere could he find it, though he went to the several islands assisted by his native friends.—He remained on the island for some time from necessity; but finally a trading vessel came along, on which he took passage for Melbourne. There he strayed about for some time, and one day while strolling on the docks with one of his old trusty lieutenants, Mr. Syl Wright, mentioned above, he saw his yacht anchored out at some distance. As several men could be seen on board, no effort was made to retake it. After a time he again returned to America, where his identity was for a time lost. The next heard of him, he was in Leadville, during the early days, engaged in mining. He made some money there, and has since been engaged in mining in different parts of the State, and is now east, negotiating for the sale of some of his property.—*Denver Tribune.*

A VERY CURIOUS RIDDLE.—Here is a curious old story that is something like a puzzle: A crocodile stole a baby, "in the days when animals could talk," and was about to make a dinner of it. The poor mother begged piteously for her child. "Tell me one truth," said the crocodile, "and you shall have your baby again." The mother thought it over, and at last said: "You will not give it back." "Is that the truth you mean to tell?" asked the crocodile. "Yes," replied the mother. "Then by our agreement I keep him," added the crocodile; "for if you told the truth I am not going to give him back, and if it is a falsehood, then I have also won." Said she: "No, you are wrong. If I told the truth you are bound by your promise; and, if a falsehood, it is not a falsehood until after you have given me my child." Now the question is, who won?

THE REASON

WHY BOYS DESERT THE RURAL HOME AND FLEE TO THE CITY.

Numerous writers have been heard from upon the question of why boys leave the farm, and the suggestion has been made that one reason is that the rising generation is becoming depraved. This is not true. They do not leave the dear old farm, where industry and virtue have their eternal abiding place, to mingle with the mad follies of city life. Boys do not desert the quiet homestead, and the fond parents, whose life has been devoted to their children, for the reason that they want to mingle in the giddy whirl of metropolitan life and become sharks in business and immortal society stars.

No farmer boy ever forgot in his successful years the quiet home, the sturdy labor or the numberless attractions of that old farm, and during the cares and perplexities of commercial or professional life in a great city there is forever in his heart that picture of contentment and rest, that haven secure from the storm-tossed billows of uncertain trade and the snares of an artificial existence.

Other reasons as varied as the human mind lie at the bottom of this dissatisfaction. The same causes, perhaps, never led different boys to desert the rural home and flee to the city.

We can state why we left the old farm if it would contribute anything to science or aid in settling a long agitated question.

Our last season on the farm was an unfortunate one. The frost didn't get out of the ground till haying, and just as the season opened, the old bay mare became a parent, and the spring plowing had to be done with a fractious pair of mules. We had just become attached to these mules and felt a friendly interest in them, when a little incident occurred which changed the whole current of our life.

We decided one day to reach the iron gray mule in order to give him chic and tone. It would take too long to give the particulars of this occurrence, but suffice it to say that during our convalescence we went into town and secured a position there. We did not plunge into the false gaiety of town because we loved it or because we shunned the solemn calm and holy hush of nature in that beautiful valley where we had spent many happy years. Those who accuse us of that do us an injustice and cast upon us an insinuation which is ill-deserved and unfair.

The life of a farmer boy is clouded with many nameless annoyances of which the great heart of traffic wots not. He who has not passed through it, ought not to write about it, for he cannot deal with the trouble understandingly. If you have been a farmer's son and have swung an old scythe all the forenoon and come at noon, hot and hungry, wearing an old pair of overalls, of which you are a little doubtful, and an open-backed shirt, with your sun-burned spinal column sticking out of it clear down to the waistband, and found on your arrival a sweet little city dumpling dressed in cool muslin there to greet you and look you over, and smile at your costume and appetite, you can say something, perhaps. If you have bent your aching form over a two acre field all day, feeding Paris green to the voracious potato bug, and then milked nine cows, and labored with a primary class of nine calves, trying to teach them how to drink, and experienced the rural joy of being butted over into the cucumber patch by each one of them, and then crawled into your bed with sun-peeled nose and blistered hands at night, you know a farmer boy's communion with nature. It is true that machinery in every department of agriculture has lent a charm to it on paper, but it still has its drawbacks and its sorrows.

God forbid that the memories that cluster around the after life of a farmer boy should be lost or eradicated, but there are little incidents of our career on the farm that we are endeavoring with great zeal to forget. They come up before us yet sometimes, and in the dead hours of the quiet night we seem to be once more kicked through the barn door by that hoary old mule, or in our dreams we are out in the midst of haying, pitching the fragrant grass and rattlesnakes and bumble-bees, and crickets up into the hot hay-mow as we did in our boyhood days.

We like to hear the curfew toll the hour of departing day, and we also like to see the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea, but that mad hunger for life in the hot harvest fields and the thrill and excitement of dawdling away our time around a threshing machine is gone.

Who will say that it is because we shun the purity and honesty, and industry and $1 per day of the farmer's life? Let him who accuses us of that, step into the *Boomerang* office and we will give him our reasons, which lack of space at this time forbids.—BILL NYE.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force, and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help that have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character and should be assiduously cultivated.

Physicians' Wine of the Oporto Grape.
New York Physicians say that they have been using Speer's Port Grape Wine and Wine Bitters in their practice for years, to the entire satisfaction of their patients and themselves, and take great pleasure in recommending them to the public as being all that is claimed for them, and, in fact, the most reliable they can find. It is especially recommended for consumptives, the aged and for females generally. It is rich in iron, from the iron in the soil from which the vines grow. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg.

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes said that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

"MAMMA, I'll be a preacher when I grow up," said Freddy. "Ain't got brains enough," grunted a cynical old uncle, who had been to Congress. "Then we'll make a congressman of him, my dear," smiled the mother.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 15, 1882.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROB'T E. PATTISON, of Philad'a.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.
FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, of Tioga.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.
(Subject to Decision of Congressional Conference.)
FOR ASSEMBLY:
NATHANIEL HORNE, of Johnstown.
JOSEPH McDONALD, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF:
D. A. LUTHER, Sr., of Carroll Twp.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JOHN PORABAUGH, of Croyle Twp.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:
ANSELM WEAKLEN, of Elder Twp.
FOR CORONER:
JOHN COX, Esq., of Conemaugh Boro'.

THE Republican convention of Schuylkill county on Tuesday last nominated Judge Pershing for re-election.

GOV. ST. JOHN, of Kansas, is reported recently to have said: "The Republicans have morality, sobriety, law and order, and God Almighty on their side, while the Democrats are leagued with drunkenness, rowdyism, Sabbath breaking, and the devil." He forgot Brady, Dorsey, and Bob Ingersoll and Hubbell, who are all on the Republican side. Charles Robinson the first Republican Governor of Kansas, declared in a public letter last winter, that this demagogue, St. John, was the most incorrigible and shameless liar in that State and his utterances as above quoted show that Governor Robinson was not mistaken in the position he assigned him.

W. U. HENSEL, Esq., chairman of the Democratic State Committee, says there is not one word of truth in the statement going the rounds of the Republican papers that the Free Trade League of New York has sent the Committee $5,000 with a promise of $15,000 more. He declares that the Committee has not had $5,000 in its possession since the opening of the campaign. Mr. Hensel can't, like Tom Cooper, chairman of the Beaver State Committee, and would not if he could, levy a two per cent. assessment on the salaries of government and State officials for election purposes, which means, as Cooper understands it, for the corrupt purchase of votes.

THE jury in the Star route cases were charged by Judge Wylie on Friday last, and on Monday rendered a verdict of guilty as to Miner and Rerdell, and not guilty as to Turner and Peck. As regards the other defendants, Brady, the two Dorseys and Vaile, the jury was unable to agree. The vote of the jury in Brady's case, as well as in those of the Dorseys stood 10 for conviction and 2 for acquittal. This verdict will not be approved by the country any more than it was by Judge Wylie, who plainly intimated to the jury before he discharged them that it was not what was expected of them. The minnows have been caught in the net while the "big fish" have escaped. It is ever thus.

WHY don't Don Cameron take the stump and vindicate himself, if he can, from the fierce assaults that are daily made upon him by the press of his own party? No man ever had a greater opportunity of sustaining himself and confounding his enemies. Under like circumstances even John Covode, if he was in the flesh, would make the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania resound with his indignant denunciations, however much Murray's grammar might be crucified in the attempt. Cameron is a college graduate and yet while the very trees and stones are calling upon him to open his mouth and cast dismay into the ranks of his enemies, he is dumb as an oyster. Was there ever before such a Senator of the United States?

IN September, 1846, thirty-six years ago, General Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," as his soldiers called him, at the head of a small army and after a three days' battle, carried the city of Monterey, Mexico, by storm. In September 1882, Monterey has again been captured by the Americans under General Palmer, a Railroad President, and the victory has been achieved without the loss of a single life or the shedding of a drop of blood. A few days ago the Mexican National Railway was completed from Corpus Christi, in Texas, the base of General Taylor's supplies in the Mexican war, to Monterey, a distance of 320 miles. During next month the road will be completed by the track running north from the city of Mexico to Maravatio, and when the gap thence to Monterey, 400 miles, is finished next summer, there will be a through railroad from New York city to the city of Mexico. "Peace has its victories more renowned than those of war."

A DAILY Republican paper says:—"General Beaver will make the regular opening of the Republican campaign at Washington, Washington county, to-day," which was last Tuesday. Beaver has been on the stump for more than a month and if he hasn't regularly opened the campaign, what has he been doing all the time, and have all his speeches been "mere sound and fury signifying nothing?" The paper is mistaken. Beaver didn't open the campaign when he made a speech at Washington, this State, on Tuesday last, but the campaign was opened by him when he went to Washington, in the District of Columbia, one day last winter, on Sunday, we believe, and procured Cameron's formal consent to his becoming a candidate for Governor. *That* was the regular opening of the Republican campaign in this State, and it opened wider and wider every day until Cameron's State convention met at Harrisburg and Beaver became his candidate.

IN July last the editor of the Philadelphia *Times* made the public charge that certain assumed leaders of the Land League in this State "were bargaining with the leaders of the Republican party for the transfer or sale of some thirty thousand Irish votes." The Land league of Scranton adopted a resolution asking Col. McClure for his authority for making the charge, to which he replied in an open letter in which he stated that within thirty, or, at most, ninety days, he would furnish the proof relating to the proposed sale of Irish Democrats to the bosses in Pennsylvania. Col. McClure has been as good as his word, and in the *Times* of Saturday last he spreads before the public the evidence in support of the truth of his allegations. It seems from the exposure in the *Times* that the scheme to transfer the Land League vote to Beaver, the Cameron candidate for Governor, was conceived by the notorious John C. Delaney, Librarian to the State Senate, who, during Hartranft's campaigns, acquired an infamous repute by assuming as an Irishman the power to barter away the votes of his countrymen. He went to Washington early in June and had a talk with Don Cameron in relation to the matter, and between the two it was agreed that Edward O'Meagher Condon, a pardoned Fenian convict, but now employed in the office of the supervising Architect at Washington, would be the proper person to effect the transfer of the Irish vote for Cameron's benefit. Cameron was to see and did see John C. New, assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and procured from him for Condon leave of absence from duty, to go to Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other places in this State under the pretence of inspecting public buildings and furniture; and on the 16th of August Condon reported to Architect McArthur, in Philadelphia, where he has remained ever since. Condon, in addition to his official salary, was to receive full expenses for traveling, and also, of course, to be largely paid out of it the assessment robbery on the office-holders by Cooper of two per-cent. as a bribery fund. Delaney's own letters, now in possession of Col. McClure, and published in the *Times*, make all things manifest. Neither Col. McClure nor any other sane man believes that the Irish vote, or the vote of any other nationality, is in the market; but that John C. Delaney undertook to dispose of for a satisfactory consideration is established by his own letters, as well as by a variety of other circumstances. He is a most consummate villain—a dishonor to the State and a disgrace to the Irish name.

THE Republican county convention met in this place on Monday last and made the following nominations: Congress, Jacob M. Campbell; Assembly, S. P. Morrell, Taylor township, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto; Sheriff, D. H. Kinkead, Ebensburg; Poor House Director, John C. Bradley, Carroll township; Jury Commissioner, John H. Vail, Richland township; Coroner, N. W. Westbrook, Portage township. This is probably as acceptable a ticket to the grand old party as the convention could have nominated and will no doubt receive the full party vote, but there is nothing in it to hurt beyond that. The Republican leaders in this place claim, however, that it will be elected, and of course, they will make a desperate effort to bring about that result. The Democrats of the county, being thus forewarned, must be forearmed, and the first important thing to be done is a complete and thorough organization of the party in every election district in the county. This has not heretofore, except on very rare occasions, been attended to as it ought to have been, and in more than one instance the consequences have been disastrous. The chairman of the County Committee, no matter who he is, is not omnipotent, although some persons think he is, and however vigorous his efforts at organization may be they will fail in accomplishing their purpose, unless he is cordially and actively sustained by the influential and leading Democrats themselves in their respective districts. Upon their shoulders the labor rests, and if they prove lukewarm or indifferent, they, and not the chairman of the committee, must bear the blame. That the chairman will perform his part of the work admits of no doubt, but to make it effective he must be willingly and energetically assisted by the Democrats in every district who earnestly desire Cambria to maintain her position in the line of Democratic counties. Let the work, therefore, be done thoroughly speedily and effectively.

EFFORTS were again made in Philadelphia at the close of last week, so the papers of that city say, to get the grand old Republican party in this State out of its present peck of trouble by withdrawing both Beaver and Stewart and substituting a compromise candidate. The day for doing this has passed, and even if it could now be done it wouldn't defeat Pattison. All the reports agree in saying that Cameron is bitterly opposed to any such eleventh hour arrangement. He made Beaver his personal candidate and will keep him in the field. With Beaver out of the way and a new ticket in the field, Cameron would be without any following. He prefers taking his chances with Bellefonte's "Christian statesman," and will defeat any new man who may be put up. With Pattison elected, Cameron would still have a following in the Republican party. Isn't it decidedly cool, however, to ask Beaver to step down and out when he publicly boasts that he is certain of being elected by a majority of forty thousand? He has been over almost all of the State and ought to know just where he stands. The Philadelphia *News*, a Cameron organ, referring to the matter says: "We positively and authoritively say, that no thought of a change in the Republican State ticket is or will be entertained."

THE Republicans carried the Maine election on Monday, but how much money it took to do it can only be conjectured, unless Hubbell, who has the corruption fund in keeping at Washington city, concludes to publish the figures.

THE INDIVIDUAL VOTER.

The secret of all success, whether in business, war or politics, is personal effort. Organization and discipline are primary requisites to the successful handling of an army or to the prosecution of great enterprises. Nothing is so unruly as a mob—nothing so harmful to itself and so easily subdued by combined force, wisely and energetically directed. A platoon of thoroughly drilled and obedient marines will calmly face and quickly disperse twenty times their number of street rioters. Political battles are frequently fought on the mob principle and as frequently lost. Where a party is overwhelmingly in the majority and its opponent is disorganized, spiritless and hopeless, it may neglect organization and systematic work, but otherwise it cannot safely do so. And in a great State like Pennsylvania, with the parties so evenly divided, success is always certain to be with the best organized and disciplined force. It is a battle of numbers, but a contest of brains also. After an election the rank and file become regardless of their political duties and responsibilities, and too often leaders become spiritless and neglectful, acting as though their party once defeated, is doomed to continued defeat and has no future.

It is no secret that the management of the present campaign, on behalf of the Democracy, thoroughly believes in organization the most perfect which can be made, and which reaches directly the individual voter. It believes that through this course success can be won in this great battle and maintained through an indefinite future. In former years the stump was almost entirely relied on as the decisive factor in political campaigns; to-day it is but a secondary auxiliary, the press being the most potent, as it is the most extended influence. The distribution of regulation campaign documents, is supplemented, if not supplanted, by the judicious management and circulation of Democratic journals, which at the proper time give attention to the issues of the campaign and which have of late made their readers acquainted in the most attractive way with the lives of our candidates, whose personal worth and public records appeal with like force to popular endorsement.

After the utilization of all these and other well established and universal agencies, the big army of voters remains in a chaotic and unreliable condition if systematic organization has been neglected, and if the roll-call is dropped an hour before the polls close there will be a multitude of stragglers unaccounted for, many of them, perhaps, picked up unawares by the ever watchful enemy. For years this last resort has been one of the chief reliances of the Cameron machine in Pennsylvania. Its unscrupulous agents go about the Democratic outskirt seeking whom they may delude by all manner of disreputable means, chief of which is brazen falsehood in regard to Democratic leaders, candidates and party purposes. The most outrageous libels are circulated, beyond the ordinary and counteractive influences and voters are usually led astray through their own over-zealous determination not to be betrayed.

A perfected system of local, district and general organization will almost entirely prevent the success of this guerilla warfare on the part of the enemy, which in the pending contest they have prepared to carry on upon a gigantic scale and upon which they rely for escape and from certain and disastrous defeat. It is altogether too much the habit of the average voter in Lancaster to be over-anxious about what the Democrats of Greene or Venango are doing, while he forgets to look into the situation at home and vice versa. We are all too apt to take a long range view of the fight and to forget to keep the lines closed in our immediate locality. Let us reform this matter altogether and right now. Instead of straining our eyes to the distant political horizon, let us see to it that each Democratic platoon, company and batallion is in good fighting trim. Let every man get into the ranks, get his name on the roll, and make it his special business to be present at every drill. Let him know what his neighbors on either side of him and across the street are going to do, and not trouble himself about what is going on two hundred miles distant. This is the kind of organization that wins. It is the kind that has won in other States and in other contests, and if faithfully adhered to in the present fight for reform will render the Democratic hosts in the Keystone State invincible.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

WHEN Sir Garnet Wolseley, the British Commander-in-chief, left London for Alexandria, he boasted that he would be back to England on the 15th of September (to-day), with Egypt in his hands, and that he would then dine with his friends. From present appearances, however, the feast will have to be indefinitely postponed, as Arabi Bey, the Egyptian rebel, is giving him more trouble than he ever dreamed of. Wolseley will yet have a hard road to travel before he gets to Cairo, the Egyptian capital, and as yet nothing approaching a regular battle has been fought. The only thing like it took place at Kassassin on Saturday last. The attack was made by the Egyptians, and *not* by the British, and was quite a spirited affair. Gen. Wolseley in his despatch to the War office, claims a victory, inasmuch as he compelled Arabi Bey to withdraw from his position into his retrenchments, but he didn't attempt to follow him up. The loss on either side was not over two hundred, about the number that used to be killed and wounded in an old fashioned Donnybrook fair in Ireland. What a vast difference there is between the progress of Wolseley's troops in the land of the Pharoah's and that of Napoleon, when at the close of the last century he took a French army into that country, and though only about twenty-eight years of age, he marched from one victory to another until he reached the Pyramids above Cairo on the upper Nile. His rapid and wonderful marches read like a romance when contrasted with the snail-like movements of the English invaders of to-day.

TIME'S REVENGES.—That whirligig continues to bring its strange changes. Take the case of Gen. Chalmers, ex-Bourbon Democrat of the famous "Shoe-string" district in Mississippi, who was accused by Republican papers a few years ago of wading kneedeep in the blood of negroes. The Democrats outgrew Chalmers, and, to some extent, his methods, so the dejected Bourbon rattled over to the Republicans. He is now indorsed by the Republican Congressional Committee, and funds wrung from employes of the Government are being used to promote the election of this man so lately deemed a villain of the deepest dye by the party of "moral ideas." More than this. A colored Republican is running against Chalmers, and not only are the negro's claims rejected by his party at Washington, but a colored leader, ex-Senator Bruce, now Register of the Treasury, proposes to stump in Mississippi for the ex-Confederate Brigadier of Fort Pillow fame. Consistency is indeed a jewel seldom found adorning the person of politicians.—*Springfield Republican.*

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT A COMMON MAN!

The *Watchman* does not want to do General Beaver anywrong, any injustice. It believes that it knows the man pretty well. The General and the *Watchman* have been citizens of Bellefonte about the same length of time, and when the *Watchman* assures the people of the State that General Beaver is quite an ordinary man, quite a common sort of every-day lawyer, it expects to be believed. Why should it misrepresent him? He came here as a student of N. H McAllister, Esq., he went to the army on the breaking out of the war, and he had the misfortune before the war closed of losing one of his legs. He was not a coward. On the contrary, he has the reputation, and we believe deservedly, of having been a gallant soldier. The *Watchman* does not dispute this, and never did. Gen. Hancock, high authority, says he was a good soldier. This settles the matter, and the *Watchman* desires it to be distinctly understood that it concedes this.

But, because a man has been a brave soldier, and has even lost a leg in the service of his govenment, is that any reason why he should be chosen Governor of this State? What has General Beaver ever done out of the army to entitle him to the suffrages of the people? Has he ever held a civil office? Has he shown himself in any manner a statesman? Is he identified with any great measure for the improvement of the condition of the people? Show it to us anybody who thinks he can.

General Beaver is simply a country lawyer—a man who has never done anything of a public nature, since the war, to entitle him to the public regard. It is true, he was chosen one of the trustees of a State College and is credited with the sole management of the institution. But what do the people say of that institution? How do they talk concerning it? Alas, they say it is a failure; that it is simply an expense to the people of the State, and those who get to thinking the matter over real earnestly, say that it ought to be abolished—that the money appropriated for its maintainance has been squandered foolishly.

Then what else is there that General Beaver has made himself notorious in? Nothing—absolutely nothing—if we except his devotion to Cameron and his betrayal of his constituency at Chicago. One of his holds is that he is a *christian*. We earnestly trust he is. God forbid that we should call into question his Christianity. The scriptural "Judge not that ye be not judged" restrains us. But nevertheless we feel that we may be allowed to require, Do Christians travel in special trains on Sunday in order to be present at a political caucus on Monday? We merely ask the question.

Gentlemen voters of Pennsylvania, we assure you that General Beaver is one of the most ordinary candidates presented for your suffrages. Here in Centre county you all know this, because you have heard him in court, on the stump, in the church and in the sunday school. Has he, in all the talks you have ever heard, said one brilliant thing? Has he ever uttered an idea worthy of preservation? If so, tell us when and where and what it was. We do not want to condemn the man unjustly, and we are willing to acknowledge that we are mistaken, if it can be shown that we are. But we know the man; have heard him time after time, on all sorts of subjects, and never yet has he thrown any light on any of them. We have heard him in court pleading for license, while at the same time he has been traveling the country making temperance speeches!

Gentlemen voters of Pennsylvania, vote for Beaver, if you want to. But if you do, you will be simply voting for one of the most ordinary and non-original men that ever ran for office in Pennsylvania.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

TOM MARSHALL ON BEAVER.—In an interview with Mr. Marshall, published in a recent issue of the New York *Herald*, we find the following questions and answers:

"You will oppose the Beaver ticket?"

"I am opposed to Cameronism in all its forms and the success of the regular ticket would mean the perpetuation of the Cameron power in the State. The Independent policy should now be to extirpate the entire gang in the country as well as in the State. The roots, if left, will spring up in a new growth and flourish. The Independents should and will run a candidate against Ermentrout in this district."

"And your opinion of Beaver, Mr. Marshall?"

"He is Don Cameron's marionette. But what a leader he would make if he had brains! He has a very child's face in his innocent expression. His figure is tall and slender and he has the bearing of a Francis Loyola. But there is nothing behind it. He is as volatile as a child and cannot make two successive speeches without contradicting himself. Nor do I believe in his sincere conviction on any subject. He went to Cameron because he wanted to be Governor, as everybody knows, and yet he came to me after my nomination and threw his arms about my neck. 'God has called you, Mr. Marshall,' he said. 'It is your duty as a Christian man to accept.' Pah!"

"Will Beaver be defeated?"

"Undoubtedly. This Independent feeling has been underestimated. It will be represented at the polls on election day by a hundred thousand votes. If it is necessary there will be thousands of Republicans who will vote for Pattison direct. Why should they not? It is necessary to overthow Cameron rule in the State that the Republican party may live. What matters it to us who is Governor, so that he is an honest man? He appoints a few Sealers of Weights and Measures, a Secretary of State and an Attorney General. Pattison will make good appointments and there his influence upon our personal welfare or comfort, or for the matter of that, upon our party welfare will end. We will cast a hundred thousand Republican votes for Stewart. Three hundred and fifty thousand votes will be cast for Beaver. Four hundred thousands Democratic votes will be cast for Pattison. We will show that we have a Republican majority in the State of fifty thousand, and this determination to free the party from the scandalous practices that are discrediting it, will only show how strong is the Republican sentiment in the State by bringing every Republican to the polls—how much stronger than the Democratic sentiment in the State."

"Do not understand that the vote for Stewart will represent all of the Independent strength in the State. Many thousand Republicans opposed to the Cameron's and their scandalous following will vote for Beaver from a mistaken impression that the party will be imperilled by his defeat. By his defeat we will be all the stronger next year, and the election of a few Democrats will be small cost to pay for the release we will gain from the incubus that threatens to carry the party down to the depths."

A CURIOUS FRUIT FREAK.—A singular fruit was shown to us on Tuesday, grown on the premises of John M. Clay of this city. When we first saw it we pronounced it a plum, and that it was so far as outward indications went. In size it resembled a medium-sized plum, and was also like one in shape and general appearance. On one side it was reddish, but not deep red, and slightly mottled with the prevailing color, which was a pale yellow. It had none of the down that covers the ordinary peach, but the skin was as smooth and glossy as that of any plum we ever saw. Neither did the smell afford any indication of the real character of the fruit. There was no peach smell about it, but the odor emitted was exactly like that given out by the vegetable commonly called mock orange. Upon cutting it open and tasting it the true character of the fruit was revealed. The stone was a true peach stone, to which the pulp adhered. It had the true peach taste and there could be no further doubt about it. The tree from which this peach was plucked does not differ from ordinary peach trees in its leaves or general appearance. It is young and this is its first bearing season. It had about a dozen, all similar in appearance to the one we have endeavored to describe.—*Lancaster New Era.*

—The following States either have or will elect Governors this year: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas. Twelve of these States have Republican Governors and six Democratic Governors.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Mr. Edison's patents now number 396, the most ever granted to one man.

—Indigestion, dyspepsia, heart-burn, nausea, etc., cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The great question is, says the Pittsburg *Post*, who "soaped" the Dorsey and Brady jury.

—For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At James' drug store.

—Isaac Murphy, the first Union or war governor of Arkansas, died in Madison, that State, on Monday.

—Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. At James' drug store.

—Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. At James' drug store.

—George Nesbitt, a New Mexico ranchman, murdered his wife, a Miss Ward and a stranger on Monday last, and is still at large.

—Thomas Newman, of West New Castle, has a small cotton plantation in full bloom, the plant apparently flourishing as well as in the South.

—Hess, the Pittsburgh wife-murderer, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. His counsel will make application for a new trial.

—Samuel Marsh, of Renova, has purchased 3,400 acres of timber land in Union county which will yield 25,000,000 feet of pine and hemlock lumber.

—A Missouri tree has yielded 800 rails, 300 fence posts, 10 cords of wood, 12 squirrels and one raccoon. It is supposed to have been 300 years old.

—At Syracuse, N. Y., Saturday, Mamie Lyons, aged four years, was sent for whisky by a neighbor and drank a sufficient quantity to cause her death.

—Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

—A special jury has returned a verdict of ninety-nine years in the penitentiary against Samuel Hazel, who brutally murdered his 5-year-old-child at Anna, Ill.

—At Trumansburg, N. Y., on Saturday, a boy named Clark, aged 14 years, accidentally disemboweled a younger brother, aged 8, with a scythe, causing his death.

—Sixteen valuable horses belonging to J. G. Snyder, of Allentown, were burned to death on Saturday morning by the burning of a stable where they were housed.

—The court house at Clarion was destroyed by fire on Tuesday. The records were saved. The loss is fully covered by an insurance of $31,000 among several companies.

—Charles Hassack, 9 years old, was shot on Friday in a scool yard at Fredericton, N. B., by another boy named Walter Gallagher, and died on Monday. Gallagher has been arrested.

—General Tom Thumb is 48 years of age and has led an active business life for the past 34 years, during which time he has been a great traveller, visiting nearly every country on the globe.

—Laura S. Keiper, the $10,000 beauty, professionally known as Laura Montague, is suing Adam Forepaugh, the circus manager, in Philadelphia, for the $10,000, which she says she has not received.

—Theodore Rupert, of Zion, Centre county, coming across a den of rattlesnakes, threw a large stone among them and killed thirteen. He then closed in with them, and using a stout stick made the number killed 37.

—A prosperous Michigan baby-carriage factory had its origin in the birth of fifteen babies in the town in thirteen days. A carpenter got the job of making carriages for the whole number, and from that start the business grew.

—The telegraph announces the interesting news that Miss E. F. Coleman, of New York, slid down Mount Washington on a hand-sled on Wednesday, three miles in thirteen minutes. She was accompanied by two experienced sliders.

—Syracuse is lost in wonder over a sunflower plant 13 feet and 7 inches tall, 7½ inches in diameter at the butt, and bearing 49 flowers, the largest 25 inches in diameter. The same town boasts of a tomato vine 9 feet and 10 inches in height.

—This isn't Beaver's year for accepting. He says he didn't want to accept the nomination, he wouldn't accept the 306 medal, he didn't accept Stewart's challenge. And now having set the example of refusal it's likely the people won't accept him.

—The wealthiest city of its size in the United States is Portland, Oregon. A witty writer accounts for it by saying: "It rains for six months there, and the women folks cannot get out to spend the money, and wealth necessarily accumulates."

—A woman walked from Newport to the Bloomfield, Perry county, jail to see her husband, and fifteen minutes after she arrived at the jail she presented her husband with a boy baby. The mother smiled, the father laughed, the baby cried, and the sheriff was mad.

—Mrs. Charles S. Carter has sued a Brooklyn saloon keeper for $25,000 damages for having caused her husband to become an habitual drunkard. The latter received $17,000 damages for injuries sustained in the Ashtabula disaster, and has been on a spree for four years.

—Joshua Miller, of Madison county, Va., is seventy years old, has had but one spell of sickness in his life, never took a drink of whisky, coffee or tea, never smoked a pipe or cigar nor took a chew of tobacco, and has not eaten supper for twenty years. He is hale and vigorous.

—At an early hour on Monday morning three frame tenements in Petersburg, Va., were destroyed by fire, and Henry Pater, a paralytic, was completely roasted alive. Asa Brown was so injured by inhaling the flames that it is thought he cannot recover. The fire was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Guckert, aged 50 years, died at Reading, Pa., Tuesday afternoon of hydrophobia, from a dog bite received ten weeks ago. She was unable to eat or drink anything for three days and nights, and died with fearful spasms, whining and barking like a dog. At times it required several men to hold her.

—The almshouse investigation is progressing in Philadelphia. An old copper roof was sold by Major Phipps, the runaway superintendent, who pocketed the money. The fire proof safe stolen and sold by him has been recovered. William E. Curry was found to have received pay for 20,000 quarts of milk and 2,000 quarts of cream less than he furnished.

—While four thousand persons were in attendance at a Methodist camp meeting at Bethel, near Graham, N. C., on Friday morning, a boy of fourteen years, who had been unable since his birth to utter an articulate sound, suddenly mounted the preacher's platform and made a profession of religion, speaking in a firm, clear voice. The occurrence created a great sensation among the throng present.

—The mother-in-law of the late Nathaniel Adams, her daughter, her daughter's daughter, her daughter's daughter's daughter, and her daughter's daughter's daughter's daughter are all living at his late residence in the Roxbury district of Boston, Mass. Thus there are five generations of women in continuous line living under the same roof. Mrs. Hendley is 95 years of age and the infant a few weeks only.

—Eliza Pinkston, who cut such a prominent figure before the committee of "visiting statesmen" with Radical proclivities who were in New Orleans in the spring of 1877 for the purpose of making out a case against the people of Louisiana, has come to grief. She was arraigned, with a lot of other thieves, on a charge of robbing, before Mayor Thomas, of Canton, and placed in jail to wait the meeting of the circuit court.

—Charles Slack took John F. Waite's wife to his home, at Van Buren, Mich., and Waite went after her, accompanied by a large party of friends, among whom was a constable bearing a warrant for Slack's arrest on the charge of abduction. On the arrival of the mob, Slack took Waite aside and asked him his price for the woman. Waite thought $50 was not too much, and Slack regarded it as rather dear, though he paid it, and Waite spent a part in treating the crowd to whisky.

—Two women, inmates of a house of ill fame in Wilkesbarre, Pa., attempted suicide by drowning on Friday night while under the influence of liquor. They were discovered struggling in the water by a policeman, who rescued them with difficulty. The girls are known as "Alice the Blonde" and Ownie Arnold. The latter is a resident of Wilkesbarre, and the former from Philadelphia. Both of them stated that they were tired of life.

—Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., writes to John J. Nolan, of Philadelphia, stating his reasons for declining the proposition to remove the remains of Miss Fanny Parnell to Ireland. He states that a public funeral in Ireland at this time would be most painful to the feelings of his sisters, and would open wide a wound that has not yet commenced to close. The Irish leader returns his thanks to the Central Union Land League, of Philadelphia.

—Mr. John Saunders, who went from Kentucky some years ago, asseverated in language that bordered on the profane that his betrothed, whom he left behind, should not see him until he became a millionaire. A few days since he balanced up his affairs in Montana, and finding himself possessed of the desiderated million, returned to Kentucky, looked up his old sweetheart, and the twain were made one. He, sixty-eight; she, sixty-four. Good romance.

—Rev. Dr. Hirst, of Allegheny City, and his wife, who is a daughter of William Peoples, Esq., of West Fairfield, Westmoreland county, departed last week for Siam. Mr. Hirst was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Samuel Peoples. They go to that far-off country as missionaries.

—A colored baby in Warnersville, N. C., says the Greensboro *Patriot*, was found Saturday morning with a large rattlesnake around its neck. The mother had gone off to do some washing and left the child at home alone. It had fallen asleep near the door of the cabin and when discovered by a neighbor was in the coils of a monster rattlesnake. On being discovered the snake uncoiled itself and made its escape. The child was unhurt.

—A singular story is told of an old young man living in Schuyler county, N. Y., who, without any apparent cause, living plainly on a farm, is said to have passed through all the physical changes of an old man in the short period of eighteen years. At the age of six he had all the development of strength and muscle usual in a lad of fifteen. At twelve his beard was grown and gray hairs appeared. Now, at eighteen, he is as decrepit as an old man of eighty, and seems tottering on the verge of the grave.

—During a recent storm a tree on the line between London, Britain and New Garden townships, Chester county, was blown down. This gum tree was mentioned as a corner and place of beginning in a deed of partition of one thousand acres, between Evan Evans, George Evans and Peter Evans, dated the 18th day of November, 1761. By this deed Peter Evans received three hundred and fifty acres, which is now in possession of his great grandson, S. E. Nivin. The land was bought from William Penn, by John Evans, in 1715.

—Mrs. Robert Rainey, of Troy, N. Y., was under the influence of liquor on Sunday, and her husband locked her up in a room in the third story. Toward evening, tiring of her imprisonment, Mrs. Rainey improvised a rope of sheets and attempted to descend to the ground. She got out of the window in safety, but had hardly begun the descent when the rope parted and she fell to the sidewalk, sustaining fatal injuries. The accident was seen by a large crowd, who had been attracted by Mrs. Rainey's preparations to escape.

—A shocking murder was perpetrated a few days ago at Secretary creek, near New Market, Dorchester county, Md. John Hurst, a fisherman, upon returning home drunk at about 3 o'clock, quarreled with his son, aged 8 years, whipping him severely, when his wife interceded for the boy. Hurst then threatened her, when a man named Moore tried to pacify him, whereupon he seized the boy by the feet and threw him against the floor, striking his head, the blood spurting from his eyes and ears. When picked up the boy was found to be dead.

—Rumors were rife on Monday in Paintersville, Westmoreland county, over an alleged elopement. It was reported that the wife of a man named Wible went away several days ago to visit a friend. Owing to her prolonged absence, it is said, her husband's suspicions were aroused as to there being "something rotten in Denmark." He took it upon himself to visit his relatives to see if she was there. Upon his arrival he learned that she had not been there, and now he does not know what to think of it, whether she has eloped, suicided, or what has become of her. By this it would seem that Paintersville is becoming notorious for mysterious disappearances, Emma Larimer being the last case.

FIFTY LIVING CHILDREN.—Mr. Basingame, a prominent merchant from Social Circle, reports a remarkable case of vitality, which he says is well known to the people of his county. Near Social Circle resides a colored man named Harry Lackey, who has probably more descendants than any other living man. He has been in this county so long that his own testimony on this question is corroborated by his neighbors. Harry is ninety years old, hale and hearty, one of the most industrious and highly respected negroes in the county. The other day he took unto himself a third wife, Susan Phillips, aged sixty-one. He already has fifty children whom he acknowledges and who call him by various terms of filial affection. Several of his children have died. In the presence of some gentlemen the other day he named over more than three hundred of his grandchildren and said there were others whom he could not then remember. One of his sons has thirty living children. Several of his sons count up more than a dozen children each. The old man is proud of his record and talks freely about it whenever questioned. He has always been an organized Democrat, and is the only negro in his militia district who votes in the Democratic primary elections. He says he don't think his work is finished yet, and has no idea of suspending business soon.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

NERVOUSNESS.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervous debility, or when insanity has already taken place, *Peruna* and *Manalin* should be implicitly relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expression of the face and eyes, coated tongue with impaired digestion; or in others, certain powers only are lost, while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all these *Peruna* and *Manalin* should at once be taken.

A SAD PICTURE of life in Ireland is drawn by a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*. He declares that no one can conceive how wretchedly poor and destitute human beings can be and live, until he has ridden by cabin and crib and all the nameless shifts for shelter that offend the eye between Glengariff and Killarney. Not one decent home, not one comfortable, tidy dwelling, not one cleanly, well fed, neat human being did he see. Troops of sad, wan, starved children, nearly naked, smeared to the eyes with dirt and ashes followed him mile after mile plaintively wailing, "A penny, if ye plaze, snr." Men and women with the dull, dead expression of dispair in their eyes, waded out to gaze upon him from their cabins and holes in the ground, or between the rocks, literally ankle deep in mud, and clad in such tattered tatters that Lazarus was attired in princely robes in comparison. Deer stood in the fields and birds sat upon the trees, fearless of man, for no Irishman is permitted to have a gun or to touch bird or beast, even though his family starve before his eyes. In the whole long ride of fifty-four miles he never saw a dog, and he exclaims: "Think of a people too poor to keep a dog!"

NOW IS THE TIME to treat Catarrh of long standing. Elys' Cream Balm reaches old and obstinate cases, where all other remedies fail. Do not neglect procuring a bottle, as in it lies the relief you seek. Price 50 cents. *Apply into nostrils with little finger.*

ELYS' CREAM BALM cured me of Catarrh of many years' standing—restored my sense of smell. For colds in the head it works like magic. E. H. SHERWOOD, National State Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

BY FAR the best remedy for the treatment of Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever is Ely's Cream Balm, which is having the largest sales with us of any preparation. The reports are all favorable. CYRUS LAWALL & SON, Druggists, Easton, Pa.

A GIRL'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Lizzie Hammond, a chambermaid in one of our hotels, says the San Francisco *Call*, being detected in a fourth-story room where she had no business to be, attempted to avoid exposure by climbing out of the window and sliding to the ground by means of a telegraph wire that passed by just within reach. Before she had descended many yards the wire burnt her hands as though it was red hot, and she was compelled to let it go. In falling her body bounded back and forth between two parallel walls. This lessened the momentum of her descent, which was still farther diminished by striking on a telephone wire. She thus escaped being killed by the fall, but the physicians found that her neck was disjointed as it would have been by hanging. They chloroformed her, set her neck back in its proper place, and now have hopes that her youth and strong constitution may carry her through.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by E. James, sole agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-9.-1y.]

—A. B. Martin, of Mt. Carmel, has a plant which he calls a coal lily. It is now in full bloom, bearing about twenty flowers of a very large size. The plant possesses many peculiarities, among them might be mentioned its ever-blooming qualities and also that no leaves adorn it. The flowers are entirely odorless and black as the coal from which the plant derives its name.

Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Chronicle.*

A GOOD ARTICLE.

For the past four years the well known house of BAUGH & SONS, 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, have been offering to Farmers their SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE for Wheat, Tobacco, Corn and other crops. This was the first firm to learn that Farmers could not afford to pay from $40 to $60 per ton for a Fertilizer, and they set to work to manufacture an article for less money, but to contain ALL THE VIRTUES of the HIGHER PRICED ARTICLE.

They are now manufacturing and selling a PHOSPHATE for $25 per ton on cars or boat in Philadelphia which has been tried and found just what the Farmers need. Large numbers of Farmers have used it and recommend it to their neighbors.

For circular showing guaranteed analysis address

BAUGH & SONS,
20 S. Delaware Ave.,
[9-8.-1m.] *PHILADELPHIA.*

THE DEAD OF THE JEANNETTE.—The following is a description of the coffins, eleven in number, which were shipped from New York on Saturday last to the American Minister at St. Petersburg, and in which Captain De Long and his dead comrades will be placed and brought to this country for interment:

"The caskets are made of cast-iron, finished in imitation of rosewood. The bodies, which are thoroughly frozen, as they have been since life departed, will be inveloped in inch-thick soft felt, all save the head. They will then be laid in the caskets and covered over with ground cork. Over the head, reaching under the chin, a zinc (silk-covered) hood will be placed. The hood is open front and back, the edges pressing upon the top and bottom of the shell, the cover having been placed on, screwed down and cemented, so that the shell will be thoroughly air-tight. The case is to be wrapped with two-inch felt and placed upon a bed of ground cork in the bottom of the outside case.—The surrounding space will then be filled in with ground cork, which will be pressed down.

"The cover of the outer case having been secured, more felt is to be wrapped around this box and an outer covering of hemp cloth added, all being held in place by a stout wooden frame or rack. It is said that the bodies being placed in the caskets while frozen will be turned into a sort of waxy tissue and that the features will always present a natural appearance. The upper parts of the lid of the casket are supplied with double plates of heavy glass, capable of sustaining sixty-six pounds pressure to the square inch. All the caskets are alike, save in size. The eleven coffins will be shipped to St. Petersburg by way of Hull. From St. Petersburg they will be transported to the end of the railroad communication at Orenburg, whither the bodies will have been brought on sledges."

THE Curwensville *Times* publishes the following which shows that there is at least one man who stands by his principles when he is a candidate for the suffrages of the people. Every candidate for office can and should do the same thing:

"We have been informed by a gentleman of a little incident in connection with the campaign history of a candidate who two years ago was out seeking nomination for a seat in our State Legislature, that we take pleasure in giving to our readers. The gentleman was visiting Houtzdale, and while being surrounded by a crowd of laborers, was asked to 'set up the whisky,' which he refused to do, and replied: 'Gentlemen, if my nomination depends on treating you to whisky, I shall not be nominated.' But he was nominated and elected and made a good representative. This little incident is big with significance and shows the right principle, and these are the men we want—men who will defend a principle and who love honor and will do the right in the face of defeat. This man was James Flynn, a candidate now before the people for nomination for State Senate. Let voters revolve this little incident in their minds and see if they cannot see something in it worth respecting."

KNOCK OUTDONE BY ATHLONE.—An Athlone correspondent telegraphs to the London *Globe* of the 22d ult. that an extraordinary sensation has been created in that place by the recital of the following circumstances:

On Sunday evening, while a large congregation were at worship in the Franciscan church, and just as the priest, the Rev. Father McDermott, had concluded his sermon, a brilliant light shone from the roof immediately above the figure of the Virgin Mary. Showers of stars descended on the head of the figure, the eyes opened and rolled from side to side, the hands moved and the figure assumed the attitude of blessing the congregation, after which it assumed its former appearance.—Those who saw the sight moved from their seats in different parts of the church and pushed to the altar. A scene of the greatest excitement ensued. The religious services were suspended, but the church remained crowded until a late hour at night. Even then the church was with difficulty cleared. This morning the thoroughfare near the church had become impassable. Much credence is attached to the account of the "wonder," as numbers of persons who witnessed it all gave the same version of what took place.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead, and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York. [6-2.-1y.]

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
LIVER
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
41- SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

The Agonies of Bilious Colic, the indescribable pangs of Chronic Indigestion, the debility and mental stupor resulting from a costive habit, may be certainly avoided by regulating the system with that agreeable and refreshing Standard Preparation, TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
PROCURABLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

$10 to $20,000

In legitimate judicious speculation in Grain, Provisions and Stocks on our perfected plan; yields sure monthly profits to large and small investors. Address, for full particulars, R. E. Kendall & Co., Com'n Merchants, 177 and 179 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED!—ACTIVE AND RELIABLE MEN TO REPRESENT THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, Pa., (for Unmarried Persons). The only Ass'n of its kind that has paid its Policies in full.—("See Circular.") Responsible men as Controlling Agents for every State, and Securing Agents wanted in every town. Liberal commissions will be allowed to good men. For full particulars, circulars and terms to Agents, please address THOS. WESLEY, Gen'l Sup't of Agencies, Home Office, No. 1026 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED, Ladies and Gentlemen, to make money rapidly selling our NEW BOOK!
NEW YORK BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT
Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address
DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted. The Culminating Triumph
HOW to LIVE!
A complete Cyclopedia of household knowledge for the masses; now ready. Nothing like it! Going fast! Low priced, illustrated, unequaled in authorship. Send for Press notices and full particulars now. Outfit and instruction how to sell, free to actual workers. Success guaranteed faithful workers. State experience, if any, and territory desired. W. H. Thompson, Publisher, 404 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. [4-7,'82.-1y.*]

Invitation.

Strangers are invited to visit our store, when in Philadelphia, to leave packages there, and to make a convenience of it generally. It is a handy place, right by the new City Hall, at the very center of the city. It answers our purpose to welcome you, and to provide for such of your wants as we can.

The store is about twice as large as it was two or three years ago; made so by digging under ground and building overhead, and by extension on Chestnut street. Parts of the store are about as comfortable as any place can be; and one of the most comfortable parts is now being got ready for the rest and refreshment of strangers.

One of the pleasant things about the store always has been the fact that you can walk all over it, either alone or with a guide, without ever being asked to buy a thing. We know very well that most of you come to us for a good share of your supplies; why should we spoil your visit by intruding goods upon your attention, when you come to see the place?

But perhaps you are not coming to Philadelphia just now. Very well; take a cooler time. It's cool enough in the store, when you get here. You can write for any goods that you may happen to want; and get them, probably, just as well as if you were on the spot. Any how, you know, you can return whatever you get that you don't like.

We sell more sorts of things than we can put into an advertisement. So, whatever you want, suppose you drop us a line. We'll help you if we can.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square, Philadelphia.

THE MILLER BROS CUTLERY Co.
MERIDEN CONN. U.S.A.



Having attained a national reputation in
FINE POCKET CUTLERY,
Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers,
Have added the manufacture of all styles of
STEEL PENS.
With a skilled superintendent in that department, supplemented by extended experience in the working of fine steel, we are enabled to offer goods of unrivalled quality. To introduce our
PATENT ADJUSTABLE
Quill Action, Reservoir Pen,
"THE ACME,"
in advance of regular trade channels, we open on of it, and will mail a sample gross to any address on receipt of $2.
Carries as much Ink as any Fountain Pen.
Writes as easy as a quill.



Action similar to a gold pen.
THIS PEN FITS ANY HOLDER.
Our whole line of Pens will be sold to the trade. Price Lists furnished to dealers on application.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S
ACADEMY FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS,
MEDIA, PA.,
12 MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA.
SCHOOL YEAR OPENS SEPT. 12.
Fixed price covers every expense, even books, etc. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Thirteen experienced teachers, all men and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Classical or Civil Engineering Course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new Illustrated Circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M. (Harvard University Graduate), Media, Pa.

DO Not Fail to send for our FALL Price-List for 1882. *Free* to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices, in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address
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OF EVERY KIND CHEAPER THAN EVER.
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Seines, Nets, Knives, Razors, Skates, Hammocks, etc.
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GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS
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WANTED! Ladies and Gentlemen, to engage with us to sell several Useful Household Articles. Profits large. Labor is light. Exclusive territory given. No competition. Terms liberal. Circulars FREE. Address Hewitt Manufact'g Co., Box 888, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NEW CURE FOR
POTATO BUGS
AND ALL TROUBLESOME VERMIN.
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of all kinds for sale very cheap. Catalogues free. Address KLEBER HOLL & CO., Box 888, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - SEPT. 15, 1882.

CAMPAIGN FREEMAN.

In order to place the FREEMAN, if possible, in the hands of every Democrat in the county, we will furnish it for three months, and also a copy of a [illegible] little book entitled "1 Thousand Facts," which alone is worth 25 [illegible] at the exceedingly low price of FORTY CENTS, cash strictly in advance. More than that, we will give [illegible] Automatic Organ, which anybody can play, to the largest list of subscribers, not less than one hundred, sent us on or before September 1st, at above rates.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

Having secured the sole right to use what is known as the Fluke Economizing Tablet [illegible], we propose to furnish one of these useful articles free of charge to any person who will send or bring us an order for the printing of five hundred letter-heads, note-heads, bill-heads, statements, or any other work of that description, all of which we are fully prepared to do in the neatest manner and at the very lowest cash rates. Now is the time to send or bring in your orders.

—There and the Other Place. [illegible] ripen very slowly and rot very [illegible] in this locality.

—The Mountain House at Cresson will close its doors for the season to-day.

—Typhoid and scarlet fevers are somewhat prevalent in Johnstown just now.

—The best cure for diseases of the nerves, [illegible] muscles, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The work of demolishing the old court house was commenced on Wednesday last.

—Scarlet fever has bereft Samuel Martin and wife, of Johnstown, of two of their children.

—If you need anything in the line of furnishing goods, call at C. T. Roberts' store.

—Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—Mr. Frederick Gilbert, of Altoona, has something of interest to say to our farmer readers. See his advertisement in another column.

—Loss of hair and grayness, which often mar the prettiest face, are prevented by Parker's Hair Balsam.

—Have you seen the Crown coffee mill at Roberts'? It is just the nicest thing ever invented for grinding coffee.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and canker mouth. At James' drug store.

—This county has fourteen brass bands, [illegible] the papers and blacksmiths' helpers [illegible] will find some blowing to do.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents.

—If you want underclothing for fall wear, [illegible] what you need at Barkers', as [illegible] a full supply of light weight [illegible]

—[illegible] for E. A. Brush, Z. P. Brush, [illegible] Wm. M. Morrow and John [illegible] qualified for at the Ebensburg [illegible]

—If you wish to buy tea, coffee, sugar, [illegible] soaps, starch, extracts, essences, [illegible] etc., go to the variety store of C. T. Roberts.

—Mrs. Dr. D. W. Evans and son, formerly of Ebensburg, but now of Johnstown, have been visiting among their many friends in this community.

—Miss Mollie Young, of Johnstown, had her arm fractured the other day by a [illegible] and throwing her off a [illegible]

—[illegible] son of Mr. Wm. M. Jones, of this place, left for Kane, McKean county, Wednesday [illegible] to accept a position in a store.

—If you desire a pair of good, honest [illegible] shoes, or rubbers, for either a man, woman, boy, miss, or child, buy them at the [illegible] store of C. T. Roberts.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. At James' drug store.

—[illegible] of Summerhill, Croyle [illegible] died on last Sunday evening, of [illegible] cancer, after a long and [illegible] illness, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

—If you want a watch, wedding ring, or [illegible] jewelry, notions, toys, [illegible] oils, pills, or purgatives, [illegible] to visit C. T. Roberts' variety store.

—[illegible] Patton Thompson, wife and [illegible] on their relatives and [illegible] between trains on Friday [illegible] from Kittanning to Philadelphia.

—The Blair County Agricultural Society [illegible] four brass bands for its sixth [illegible] exhibition, to be held from the [illegible] of this month—one band for [illegible]

—Ebensburg's new silver cornet band [illegible] first public appearance on our [illegible] Saturday evening, and has no [illegible] be ashamed of the music it discoursed.

—Don't forget if you want to do any [illegible] this fall, that V. S. Barker and Bro. [illegible] full line of all kinds of paints, oils, varnishes, etc. Also family paints put up in [illegible] quart cans.

—The Star base ball club of this place will play [illegible] game to-morrow in Johnstown. [illegible] completed departure from home of [illegible] best players will take the pith [illegible] organization.

—Papers and papers. There are twelve [illegible] papers as papers supported [illegible] people of this county. That is to say, [illegible] seventy-two of the former and only [illegible] the latter at present writing.

—A special train brought General Superintendent Pugh and several other celebrities, [illegible] to our town Tuesday afternoon [illegible] the same day. It was Pugh [illegible] trip, and as such we hope it [illegible]

—Samuel L. Wright, the lecherous scoundrel who recently outraged two girls and a [illegible] in Somerset county, has been [illegible] to the western penitentiary for a [illegible] years. That's serving [illegible] right.

—[illegible] Clark, a guest at the Mountain House, Cresson, is said to have had a [illegible] of the denomination of $100 abstracted from his trunk the other day. Pity [illegible] the Canan law couldn't [illegible] the thief.

—The Republican ratification meeting, by [illegible] called convention, which met here [illegible] didn't take long to sew up [illegible] had been cut out for it; but [illegible] was awful wet and some of the [illegible] dry.

—Mr. [illegible] Parrish, of this place, succeeded [illegible] a car load of fine peaches [illegible] and Friday, but it kept him [illegible] lively to do it. He [illegible] if he ever undertakes [illegible] task again.

—Among the recent visitors to [illegible] mention Miss Hattie Fenlon [illegible] friend, of Leavenworth, [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Howell, of Kane, Pa., [illegible] Miss Levy, of Houtzdale, [illegible] of Altoona.

—The Annie postoffice on the [illegible] Bell's Gap railroad in this [illegible] has been changed to Mountain Dale, [illegible] poor Annie, whose hard fate [illegible] mission is ended—she'll [illegible] with the mails any more.

—[illegible] Larimer, a 15-year-old girl who [illegible] disappeared from Painterville, [illegible] county, about three weeks [illegible] a reward of $300 was offered, [illegible] found ten miles from that [illegible] on a farm and attired in boy's clothes.

—[illegible] Grossman & Smith, of Cherry[illegible] purchased 2,200 acres of timber [illegible] county, paying therefor the [illegible] and estimate that they have [illegible] not less than 25,000,000 feet [illegible] about 15,000,000 feet of which is [illegible]

—[illegible] and Ed. Fenlon, twin sons [illegible] P. Fenlon, of Leavenworth, [illegible] Friday morning for Notre [illegible] for the purpose of renewing [illegible] May their progress through [illegible] their progress through life, be [illegible] onward.

—[illegible] was held in Burnside, Clearfield [illegible] week, for the purpose of [illegible] towards the formation of a [illegible] of parts of Clearfield, Cambria [illegible] Indiana counties. Whether the [illegible] of larger dimensions than [illegible] to learn.

—[illegible] Hughes has resigned his position as pastor of the C. M. church in this [illegible] for several years past he has so [illegible] and will soon remove with [illegible] to Ohio. There is no person in [illegible] matter what their creed [illegible] who will not regret his departure [illegible] him success in his new field of labor.

—Mr. William Pfiester, an honest, hard-working farmer of Allegheny township, was on Sunday last made the happy father of a bouncing boy baby which we are assured actually weighed 17 pounds at its birth.

—Harry Foster, eldest son of Mrs. C. Foster, of the Cambria House, started for Cincinnati this (Thursday) morning, where he found employment about a year ago, and hopes to do so again. We wish him luck.

—The "typos" who took part in the recent excursion to Bellefonte all unite in saying that the *Watchman* office is the cleanest "print shop" they ever visited. And they might have added that Editor Meek, of the aforesaid journal, is one of the biggest and best small men they ever encountered.

—A Prospect borough lad named Willie O'Brien, aged 15 years, was severely burned on the face, arms and breast by the accidental explosion, on Tuesday week, of a can of powder in the Mill coal mine, near Johnstown. Although in a critical condition it is thought that the injured youth will recover.

—Three spring lambs strayed from the premises of Mr. C. H. Kemp, of Belmont Cottage, on Saturday, Sept. 2d, and all efforts to find them have thus far proved unavailing. Any information leading to their recovery will be thankfully received and properly rewarded by the above named gentleman.

—A heavy oak plank fell end downward from the frame work of the C. I. Co.'s new rail mill, Johnstown, a distance of about thirty-five feet, and struck Max Lamison, a "hooker-up," on the head, cutting a gash about two inches long. M. L. has good reason to be thankful that he escaped so well.

—"I'm drawing a conclusion" remarked Aminidab, as he pulled the cat's tail.—*Ed. L. Adams;* and "I'm beating the doctor," remarked Ami's wife, as she took a dose of Sines' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for her cough. A 25 cent bottle does the business. For sale by all druggists.

—The Juniata Valley Printers' Association has gone glimmering among the things that were. The contemptible conduct of some of its members in selling or otherwise disposing of their railroad passes to outside parties, and of which our own county did its full share, was the cause of its untimely death.

—We don't know and ne'er knew how many or how often folks do buy what they need at John Owens' cheap store; but be they many or few, they'll admit that it's true they can get dry goods, and groceries, and many things more, at prices as low, when to Owens's they go, as ever were bought in this town or this county before.

—We sympathise with our journalistic brethren. Al. Tyhurst, of the Huntingdon *Globe*, and W. W. Trout, of the Lewistown *Free Press*, inasmuch as that dread visitor, Death, has entered their respective households and robbed the former of a bright and interesting son, and the latter of one of the twin babies recently born to him.

—The Christian denomination of Welsh Baptists held a number of congregational meetings in their church in this place last week, the culminating point being reached on Sunday. The afternoon of that day four young ladies and a boy were received into communion of the Church through immersion in a dam on the southern outskirts of town.

—Jacob Crouse, of Johnstown, quarreled with his wife one day last week, and when it was all over he gave additional evidence of his love for his spouse by reducing the furniture in the house to the condition of kindling wood. This is the third time Jacob has distinguished himself in this axe-traordinary way.

—Andrew J. Burkett, a brakeman on the C. I. Co.'s railroad, Johnstown, was shot in the back one day last week by the accidental discharge of a revolver in his hip pocket, which went off just as he was in the act of getting off the engine of the train on which he was employed. As the ball has not yet been found the extent of his injuries is not yet known.

,"Do boldly what you do at all." Boldly do we affirm that Kidney Wort is *the* great remedy for liver, bowels and kidney diseases. Rheumatism and piles vanish before it. The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.

—George Mooney, of Cambria borough, fell from a scaffolding which had been erected near the top of the stack of No. 1 blast furnace, for the purpose of repairing it, on last Saturday morning, and striking the ground, about forty feet below with his head, sustained a severe contusion of the brain, which may yet prove fatal. His escape from instant death was indeed miraculous.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a kind invitation from the Commonwealth Club, Philadelphia, to meet the Democratic State candidates at the headquarters of said Club on next Tuesday evening, but as our own wealth, to say nothing of our professional duties, is as usual at an uncommonly low ebb, it looks very much as if our friends of the Commonwealth will have to try and worry along without us.

—Patrick Curry, of Prospect, Wm. Keeler, jr., of Upper Yoder, and Chauncy Myers, of Johnstown, failing to find bail in the sum of $300 each, were brought here on Monday last and committed to jail to await trial on the charge of going through the pockets and confiscating all the loose change of an intoxicated man named Wm. Godby, whom they enticed for that purpose into a secluded spot in Johnstown on Friday last.

—A man named Wm. Watkins captured a live fawn at Bennington a few days ago and sold it to another party, who in turn presented it, or is to present it, to Col. John Lemon, whom we all know. The deer little thing is intended to adorn the zoological garden of the last named gentleman, but whether the present was made in the logical, not zoological, hope that "thrift might follow fawning," is more than we can tell.

—A young lady named Sarah Owens, daughter of Mr. Edward Owens, of Cambria township, fainted in church last Sunday evening, during services. She remained in a comatose state throughout forty-eight hours, when she rallied and is now in a fair way of recovery. We understand she is subject to frequent visitations of a similar nature, epilepsy being the name of the disease as laid down in the books.

—Willie Richmond, the eight or nine year old son of Rev. Dr. Richmond, of Shady Side, near Pittsburgh, who with his family is sojourning at the Lloyd House, this place, fell or was thrown from a horse, which afterwards tramped upon him, on Friday last, and had his left leg fractured between the knee and ankle. Dr. Zimmerman was called in to adjust the broken bone, and under his care and treatment the injured lad is getting along nicely.

—We are glad indeed to note the fact that our young and good looking friend Chas. H. Latterner, of this place, has, in connection with a gentleman named Eicher, purchased the extensive and elegant stock of ready-made clothing heretofore owned by A. J. Anderson & Co., Altoona, and contained in the magnificent store-room on Eleventh avenue recently occupied by said firm. No more deserving young man than Charlie ever went forth from our town to seek his fortune, and we sincerely hope that he has struck the right vein now.

—Henry Michaels, of Johnstown, while on a drunk a few days ago, as he is prone to be, gave his wife a few stalwart blows, and then with a big hammer broke the kitchen stove to pieces and destroyed several other articles of furniture. He had done the same thing three times before and on each occasion his wife prosecuted him but afterwards relented and withdrew the suit and paid the fine imposed upon him; but this time she says the law must take its course, and as he was unable to procure bail he was brought to the county prison to await trial at December sessions.

—Joe Heslop of Upper Yoder township, went home on last Saturday morning after having been on a four days' drunk, and immediately after entering the house picked up a billet of wood and struck his mother on the head, knocking her to the floor. The old lady's appearance when she reported at 'Squire Cox's office in the afternoon to make information against Joseph, showed that she had been most brutally treated. Joe has been arrested, but the hearing before the Justice has been postponed until his mother is able to appear before the said magistrate and detail the infamous conduct of her unnatural son.

—A national convention of iron and steel manufacturers, called to consider the whole question of the tariff in its relations to iron ore, iron and steel in their various forms, and tin plate, was held at Cresson on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. It was the largest gathering of the kind ever convened, and the schedule of duties adopted by the convention is to be submitted to the Tariff Commission for its consideration. Hon. D. J. Morrell, of Johnstown, and Col. James M. Swank, formerly of the same place, now of Philadelphia, who is Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, took prominent parts in the proceedings.

—An unknown man was struck and instantly killed a week ago yesterday morning, about two miles west of Lilly's station, by the western express. He had stepped out of the way of an east-bound freight train, when the express came along and was too close upon him for the engineer, when he saw him, to give a warning whistle. The name of Jacob Schrock was stamped upon his shirt and he was evidently a German, his age being, as supposed, about forty years. When killed he was on his way to work on the railroad, having been hired by Foreman Studt on the previous evening. His remains were interred in Union Cemetery at Summitville.

—Mr. P. F. Brown, finding his present pool room far from spacious enough to accommodate the large crowds which flock there nightly for the purpose of playing, looking on, etc., has deemed it advisable to erect a temporary one-story building for that purpose. The carpenters have commenced work on the structure, which, when completed, will, it is said, serve for either a pool or a ball room. The building will stand immediately in the rear of Mr. Edward Griffith's grocery store. Next.

—The residence of Mr. Anthony Sill, in Allegheny township, was entered by some unknown thief or thieves on Sunday last, during the absence of the family at Mass in Loretto, and robbed of $14 in money, a note for $120 belonging to a young man named Beck, two watches, a pair of boots, some jewelry, and one or two other articles. The thieves also upset a trunk which had been hidden among a lot of rags in the garret, but didn't carry their investigations far enough to secure about $400 which it contained.

—Mr. John P. Green, private secretary to President Roberts, of the P. R. R., Philadelphia, was, with his family, brought here Saturday night per extra train, putting up at Belmont Cottage. Tuesday night Mr. Green returned home, leaving here at 10 o'clock, an extra train on our branch road being run for that purpose by Conductor Snyder and assistants. Mr. Green's family still remain in our midst. Oh, John *P. Green!* thou art a color which never runs—because thou canst ride whenever and wherever thou listeth.

—Joe Burk is the name of a queer specimen of the *genus homo* who attended Court in this place last week. Our neighbor, the *Herald*, which seems to have found out pretty much all that is worth knowing about Mr. Burk, describes him as being twenty-eight years of age and having a head and body about the ordinary size, but in height he measures only thirty-nine inches. Notwithstanding the brevity of his legs, Mr. Burk succeeded among many other things in clearing six acres of heavily timbered land ready for rolling during the past summer.

—We wrote a notice about the presentation to the Mountain House, Cresson, of an elegant and excellent portrait in oil of the late Dr. R. M. S. Jackson, "the founder of Cresson," for our last issue, but for some reason it failed to appear. The painting was executed by Dr. Jeremy Wilson, and a fine work of art it is, during his recent sojourn in this place, and was presented to the Mountain House by Hon. John Scott, Mr. Edmund Smith, Vice President P. R. R., and other old friends of the really brilliant and deserving subject, "the founder," etc., aforesaid.

—Mr. Lymon Price, of Duncansville, Blair county, is said to be the owner of a musical hen which is almost the equal of the mocking bird in imitating sounds. It imitates to perfection a tree-frog, the American coocoo or rain bird and the domestic guinea fowl. This remarkable hen can be heard at intervals not only during the day, but also night. As it is but a young chicken who cracked its shell in March, Mr. Price thinks it will continue to improve its powers of song and will eventually be one of the greatest imitators of the feathered tribe to be found on this continent.

—John Gudssel, an Austrian, aged about thirty, was drowned while bathing on Saturday evening in the Loyalhanna at West Latrobe. He was in the water three-quarters of an hour before his body was recovered. Deceased was employed as a laborer at the Monastery Coke Works, and had only been in this country four months, one of which he had spent in Latrobe. He had no relatives in America. 'Squire Baer held an inquest, and the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning, no blame being attached to the four companions, who were bathing with him.

—A married woman at the Glen White coke ovens, a few miles west of Gallitzin, got into a wrangle with a man named Adam Benner the other day, during which she poured a kettle of hot water on his head and hurled a hatchet at him *a la* Indian fashion. She then returned to her own domicile, whither she was followed by Benner, who beat and choked her severely. The irate amazon repaired to Altoona the next day and swore out a warrant for Benner, who was subsequently arrested and gave bail in the sum of $200 for a hearing at Alderman O'Toole's office, in that city, to-morrow.

—The best game of base ball ever played in Ebensburg, or indeed in the county, was indulged in on last Saturday afternoon, the contestants being an organization from Woodvale and the "Star" club of this place. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood five to five, but as this outcome was not decisive the boys went at it again, and played two additional innings, during which the Ebensburgers added one more to their score and the Woodvalers nary one. Some money is said to have changed hands on the result of the game, but we believe it was all donated to the winners. The return game is to be played in Johnstown to-morrow.

—Senator Boggs did us the honor of publishing a card in the Johnstown *Tribune* on last Saturday for the purpose, as he declared, of satisfying the FREEMAN that there was no truth in our "stalwart cat story." The Senator could have made his card much more satisfactory to the FREEMAN in particular, and to all other freemen in general, had he, after declaring that he had no Congressional "aspirations" himself, went on to say that some of his political friends had such a bee in their bonnets on his behalf, but after an experimental test it was clearly demonstrated that the "stalwart cat," evidently afraid of being swamped in the Boggs, had "no aspiration" for jumping in that direction.

—Rev. Ferd. Kittell, eldest son of Mrs. Margaret Kittell, of this place, and secretary to Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny dioceses, reached his home here on last Tuesday evening, after an absence in Rome (on business connected with Church affairs) and a tour through Ireland and a great portion of the continent extending over a period of more than a year and a half. Although our Rev. friend had a bout with some kind of an ailment in Ireland and also in New York upon his return thereto, he looks very well after his long voyage and we are sure that he will receive the hearty welcome and congratulations of hosts of friends here and elsewhere on this side of the big fish pond.

—We noted the fact a couple of weeks ago that a splendid new organ had been purchased for St. Bartholomew's church, Wilmore, and that a grand sacred concert would soon be given to aid in paying for the instrument. In this we were not mistaken, as the concert referred to will take place on next Sunday evening, when a choice selection of vocal music will be presented by several singers of well earned celebrity, among whom we may name Mrs. M. Glassmire, late of Philadelphia, Miss A. H. McConnell, of Summitville, and Mr. W. M. Hoerle, of Johnstown. That magnificent solo, "Judith," will also be rendered by a young lady fully competent for the task, and having heard her we can say truly that this one feature alone is well worth the price of admission—fifty cents. Doors open at 6 o'clock.

—Rev. Ferd. Kittell, who returned to his home in this place on Tuesday last after an absence in Europe extending over a period of nineteen months, has been three times in the Eternal City of Rome during his comparatively short lifetime. His first sojourn covered a period of nine years, which he spent as a student at the Propoganda; his second visit occupied six months and the duties connected with his last sojourn, from which he has just returned, necessitated his remaining there for fifteen months. His account of the various cities and other points of interest which he visited on his return trip is exceedingly interesting, and we hope that some time he will take it into his head to let the readers of the FREEMAN have the pleasure of reading all about his experiences. It is almost needless to add that Father Kittell comes back from the land of his ancestors a confirmed Land Leaguer.

—The employes at Mr. W. C. Townsend's Marble Mill, New York city, set it up handsomely on our young friend and patron Marshal W. Jones, to whom they tendered an elegant banquet at the "Hotel Schilling" on Wednesday night of last week. The grand affair was not only intended to betoken the good feeling which has always existed between Mr. Jones as manager and the getters-up of the banquet as employes at the works referred to, but also as an expression of regret at his departure from amongst them, he having severed his connection with the mill in question for the purpose of engaging in business, as already noted in these columns, with his brother, S. W. Jones, who is also an esteemed friend of the FREEMAN. The Jones brothers were born and raised in Ebensburg, and have hosts of friends here and elsewhere who will watch their new venture with interest and be rejoiced to hear of its success.

Useless Fright.

To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

THE Lancaster *Daily Intelligencer* celebrated its nineteenth anniversary on the first day of the present month. No Democratic journal in the State is conducted with more ability or with more refreshing fearlessness than this ancient organ of the sterling Democracy of old Lancaster. We rejoice in its continued success, which it richly merits.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

COMBINED STATE FAIR AND EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURG.—The largest and finest display of Live Stock, Fruits, Seeds, Vegetables and Agricultural Machinery ever shown. There are on exhibition 20 of the best Thoroughbred Horses in the country; 54 Fine bred Carriage and Coach Horses; 63 Heavy Draughts and 16 other breeds.

Three Herds of Short Horns, including those of Messrs. Anderson and Steel, of Ohio, the prize winners at the late Ohio State Fair, at Columbus; and Eberly's Herd, of Greensburg, Pa., which fully equals those of Anderson and Steele.

Four Herds of Devons, as follows: D. and J. Bauker, of Susquehanna Co., Pa.; J. B. Longenecker, of Dauphin Co., Pa.; J. M. Miller, of Washington Co., Pa.; D. J. Whitmore, Ohio.

Three herds of Holsteins: Brooks and Trotter, Salem, Ohio; E. Hindekoper, Crawford Co., Pa.; J. L. Henderson, Washington Co., Pa.

Three herds of Ayrshires: W. Fairweather, Erie Co., Pa.; A. J. Wilson, Grafton, O.; C. Steffen, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Jerseys: Carr and Trotter, Salem, Ohio; J. K. Dain, Freeport, Pa.; J. D. Risher, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Guernseys: A. M. Carr, Ohio; J. M. Fox, Clarion Co., Pa.

Herefords: E. G. Merryman, Maryland; making 19 Herds in all, besides numerous animals entered singly—a total of 188 pedigreed animals.

Sheep and Swine of all breeds fill 247 pens.

Four hundred Coops of Poultry, Geese, Ducks and Turkeys, and 100 Cages of the finest lot of Pigeons in the State.

This Combination is, without question, the best display ever presented to the public.

The immense building of the Pittsburgh Exposition Society is filled to overflowing with every class of exhibits, too numerous to mention in one article. All the railroads furnish low rates and special excursion trains; therefore, every one should visit this immense display of the productions of Pennsylvania. The railroads have established a headquarters in the Exposition Building, so that excursionists can at all times obtain official information regarding to return trains and tickets.

COMPARE AND CONSIDER.—We give elsewhere the result of the Republican county convention, or rather ratification meeting, held in this place on Monday last, and as our friends of the opposition don't go to the expense and trouble of putting up a ticket for the mere fun of the thing, it is fair to presume that they calculate on sufficient Democratic aid and comfort to enable them to elect most if not all their candidates. In view of this exceedingly cool calculation, we ask any candid man to tell us wherein the nominees on the Republican ticket excel, if indeed they compare in any particular, with the candidates on the Democratic ticket. Has Gen. Campbell made a better Congressman than Gen. Coffroth? Would Messrs. McAteer and Morrell more fitly represent our county in the State Legislature than Messrs. McDonald and Horne? Is Harry Kinkead the superior of D. A. Luther in either character, fitness or worth, that he should be boosted into the office of Sheriff in a Democratic county and by Democratic votes? Does John C. Bradley possess a single requirement for the position of Poor Director which is not possessed in as great if not a more eminent degree by John Rorabaugh? And so with the other candidates on the two tickets now in the field. Not a man named by the opposition can lay claim to anything, either as to character, ability or locality, which entitles him to the suffrages of any man worthy to be called a Democrat. This being true, and even the most bitter Republican partisan will not deny it, we have no fears for the success of any candidate on the Democratic ticket, though we advise all our party friends to be wary and watchful, as in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" the Republican bosses in this county, as is well known, have always shown themselves to be "exceedingly peculiar." Keep a sharp eye, then, on their every movement, and don't let them get away with a single Democratic vote if you can help it.

FREE OF COST.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at E James' drug store, and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

A SPLENDID BOOK OF RICH MUSIC.—He who produces a good song is a public benefactor. The people will sing, and the more of noble sentiment and of refined musical expression with which their songs are laden, the more of pleasure and of culture will the people find. Every good song becomes, therefore, a public benefaction. If this be true of a single song, what shall be said of him who gathers in one book the best songs of the many gifted composers, and who thus places a whole galaxy of gems within the reach of those who sing?

Messrs. Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, well known as enterprising publishers, have done a genuine service for the people in the production of their splendid new issue, "TREASURY OF SONG." It contains nearly 300 of the choicest Gems of Song suited for home use, extending over 500 royal octavo pages, the whole printed on superior paper, from clear, new type, and bound in so flexible a manner as to be really charming. Its Editor, Professor D. H. Morrison, of Philadelphia, is a distinguished musical Instructor and a superb barotone artist. He knows the favorites of the people, and has met their wants most happily.

Myron W. Whitney, the great American Basso, says of this book, "I am happy to express to my cordial endorsement of "TREASURY OF SONG" as a most desirable book for the home circle, and the excellence of its selections as deserving great praise."

A specially attractive feature of this work is a series of sketches and portraits of distinguished composers and singers. In all respects, the book is unquestionably first class.

Discharge From Ear 18 Years, Cured.

Dr. Sadler, 256 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh:

DEAR SIR—I feel thankful for your success in treating my daughter's ear. A continuous discharge for 18 years left us without hope of its ever being cured, as it now is.

Most respectfully, A. STRUBLE,
McClellandtown, Fayette Co., Pa.

A BRAKEMAN CUT IN TWO.—Howard Crum, a freight brakeman, was instantly killed in the Conemaugh yard about 1 o'clock on Saturday morning. He was making his customary trip as rear brakeman on Conductor Porter Orner's train, first National line. When the train stopped in the Conemaugh yard he stepped from the caboose to the track directly in front of an approaching shifting engine which he did not observe. He was knocked down and run over, his body being cut in two. The mutilated remains were taken in charge by the railroad authorities, coffined and sent to his home in Wilmore. The unfortunate brakeman was aged 22 years. He is well spoken of by all his acquaintances as a young man of good character and correct habits. Hiram Crum, also a freight brakeman on the Pittsburgh division, is his brother.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.—Hires' Improved Root Beer package makes five gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling temperance beverage. Ask your druggist for it, or sent by mail for twenty-five cents. Charles E. Hires, 48 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. [6-9.-13t.]

—That pitiless plague, diphtheria, which, during two months of last winter desolated our own happy household by laying its icy hand on no less than five of our most loving and lovable children, has, we regret to learn, entered the family circle of our much esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Flanigan, of Altoona, whose little son Harry fell a victim to the merciless malady on Friday last. We have the heart to feel for any father, mother or other relative whom death deprives of a loved and cherished one, but when the bereavement comes in such a shape as this, the terrors whereof have left an indelible impress upon our own memory, it is simply impossible to express our sympathies in fitting words. All we can do is to say, God pity those to whom such an affliction comes.

A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

—Metaphorically speaking, it will McAteer drop from every Republican eye when the votes are counted on the 7th of next November and it is ascertained that Gen. McDonald and the rest of the Democratic nominees have been triumphantly elected. Then, too, will our Republican friends learn with regret how Morrell-y impossible it was for their other candidate for Assembly to get around the Democratic Horne without being politically shipwrecked.

FITS, FITS, FITS.

successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

HOW THE "STALWART CAT" REALLY DID JUMP WHEN IN CAME TO THE TEST.

The Republican county convention to nominate a ticket to be voted for, or against, as the case may be, on the 7th day of next November, met pursuant to announcement in the Arbitration Room of the new Court House, this place, on last Monday afternoon. The bell rang at 1.40 o'clock and the seats were soon filled by either delegates or onlookers.

D. H. Kinkead, chairman of the County Committee, called the body to order, and read the names of the delegates present.—All the districts of the county were represented wholly or in half.

This done, Cyrus Elder, Esq., of Johnstown, was chosen permanent chairman, and of course "spoke a piece" on assuming the duties of the position.

Then followed the selection of a couple of secretaries, one of whom was made reading secretary, and in that capacity he filled the bill and that is saying a good deal.

Gen. Jacob M. Campbell, of Johnstown, was nominated for Congress by acclamation. He is the gentlemen who didn't want the office, but—if it was forced on him——!!! Full particulars of how the story ended will be found in a certain Greek dialogue between Maximus and Pyrrhus a thousand years ago and more.

Mr. D. H. Kinkead, of Ebensburg, also received the compliment of a nomination for Sheriff by acclamation. He is the present efficient deputy under Sheriff Griffith, and that's about all there is of it. In other years he achieved notoriety as a base-ball player, but lately he has been keeping close to the home base.

S. P. Morrell, of Taylor township, and W. W. McAteer, of Loretto, were set up for Assembly. There were only three aspirants for this high position, the unfortunate third man being Frank Burgoon, of Portage township. Frank was slaughtered unmercifully, and so was his friend Bill Hayes, who wasn't even mentioned in connection with the nomination. Mr. Morrell is prominent solely because he was once captain of a military company in this county, while as to Mr. McAteer, it may be said that he has been postmaster at Loretto for a few years. Both are clever gentlemen, however, but all the same they'll never represent Cambria county in the State Legislature.

It might as well be said here as elsewhere that Col. James Cooper's name was brought before the convention in connection with the office of Assembly, but was subsequently withdrawn. All the same, Capt. Frank Flanagan and a couple of other delegates voted for him without hesitation.

The office of Poor House Director is of little value, the salary being taken into consideration, but in general results it is thought to be extremely important. John C. Bradley, of Carroll township, is the nominee for this position. Do you think he is ahead of Rorabaugh? Take time and think.

The only office the Republicans think there is a sure show for success is that of Jury Commissioner, and for that office there were several applicants. At the end of the second ballot, John H. Vail, of Richland township, was declared the nominee. We draw a Vail just here.

The biggest and best and by far the altfirdest of them all comes last. It is a reproduction of the kangaroo story. N. B. Westbrook was nominated for Coroner.

"Did you ever see a Republican convention that Peter Levergood didn't attend?" This question has been asked year after year for fully ten years, and at last the reward came. Peter Levergood has been elected chairman of the County Committee.

$200.00 REWARD

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters or preparations with the word HOP or HOPS in their name or connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine have cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Following is a condensed report of the doings in our county court not already noted from Thursday morning until 10 o'clock, A. M., on Friday, when a final adjournment was had:

THURSDAY'S SESSION.

Nolle prosequis were entered in the following cases: Com'th vs. John Zingas and David Minser, larceny; on payment of costs by defendants.—Com'th vs. James Brawley, defrauding a boarding house keeper: on payment of $20 of the costs by defendant and the balance by the county. Com'th vs. Ferdinand Hoffman, forgery and larceny; on payment of costs by the defendant.

The following bills were ignored by the Grand Jury: Com'th vs. John Sheehan and Michael Sheehan, cruelty to animals; the costs to be paid by the county. Com'th vs. Hiram Jones, larceny and larceny by bailee; county for costs. Com'th vs. Henry Nagle, assault and battery; the prosecutor to pay the costs.

In the case of the Com'th vs. Wm. Dorian, false pretences, the defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $100, the costs of prosecution and be imprisoned in the county jail for nine months.

The Grand Jury reported in favor of the extension of Gallitzin borough. They also recommended that the county pay $125 toward the construction of a bridge over Chest creek, near Marks' mill, and that the county shall build the abutments and main span of the bridge over Clearfield creek, on the road leading from St. Augustine to Altoona. The Court confirmed these recommendations.

Com'th vs. Supervisors of Taylor township, for not keeping a public road in repair; verdict of not guilty and that T. R. Davis, the prosecutor, pay the costs.

FRIDAY MORNING'S SESSION.

Com'th vs. Martin Rouser, shooting with intent to kill; jury return a verdict of guilty and defendant was sentenced to pay a fine of $20, the costs of prosecution, and undergo imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of two years.

Com'th vs. George Reich and others, larceny of old iron from the Cambria Iron Co. The Court instructed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

The place for holding the elections for Cambria township was fixed by the Court at the school-house in the West ward of Ebensburg; for the West ward of Ebensburg, at the Council chamber, in said ward, and for the East ward of Ebensburg, at the office of Richard Jones, jr., in said ward.

Adjourned until Argument Court, October 24th.

The Fruits of Merit.

DR. HARTMAN & CO.—Please send me a lot of your books on the "Ills of Life." I sell a great deal of your *Peruna* and *Manalin*. They are very highly spoken of in this part of the country. F. H. BUSSMAN, P. M., Westford, Pa.

Dear Sir: I have taken half a dozen bottles of your *Peruna* and find it is doing me great good. Yours truly, JAMES WYATT, Steubenville, Ohio.

A NEW vegetable love song begins with these passionate words:

The cucumber sat on the back-yard fence,
And sang to its blue-eyed mate,

which is probably a companion to the one beginning:

The carrot swayed around serene,
And fondly kissed the Lima bean.
Who murmured to the apricot:
"Oh, Marguerite, forget me not!"

To take up the refrain, we advise all our readers to "forget me not" when he himself goes to buy his suit of winter clothing. There is a place in Johnstown called the New York Clothing Hall, 210 Main street, where the latest of styles, the best of fits, and make and material approved—there is such a place, and we advise our readers to patronize it. In so doing, they will never have it to say that through following our suggestion they were led astray.

ONE night Arabi went to rest,
And slammed the door behind him;
Soon he was snuggled in his nest,
Where ne'er a foe could find him.

"I slam a door," quoth he "because
I now adore Islam"—bang!
Went the sound across the floors,
And loud the echo "Sham!" rang.

Some of our readers may not, possibly, be able to wrestle with the Arabi-ac couplet with which we introduce this notice, but it is against all reason to suppose that they don't know that at Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, can be found the nicest, cheapest, biggest and best stock of wearing apparel for men and boys ever offered for sale in this longitudinal latitude.

HERE lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using seidlitz waters,
If we had stuck to epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been here in these vaults.

The foregoing is alleged to have been taken from an epitaph in Childwald Churchyard, England. But there seems to be many doubts about its legitimacy. However, leaving out of consideration all about "me and my three daughters," and their legitimacy and the rest and so on, it remains that her sons—the madame's sons—if they live yet, should go to S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, for boots and shoes. He has a new stock for fall and winter wear, and is disposed to sell all at his bed-rock rates.

IT is claimed that cabbage leaves will cure slobbering in horses.

THE LAW AND THE FACT.

OPINION OF THE COURT AS TO MR. A. T. PINDLE'S RIGHT TO VOTE IN BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.

We publish herewith the following extract from the opinion of Judge Dean in the case of Pindle vs. Empfield and others, election officers in Blacklick township. It clearly states the law relative to residence and explodes the theory prevalent in some localities that a man cannot have a residence distinct or separate from his wife and family:

"A man's residence is where he makes his permanent abode. This definition has been questioned by some Courts and lawyers, but it is the accepted definition of residence in Pennsylvania; and while the law fixes the definition, the jury must apply it to the facts of each particular case. It is impossible for a Court to determine whether the particular facts in any particular case do, or do not, constitute a permanent abode. The jury must take the facts of the case and apply to them the definition, or the law, stated by the Court and determine whether the complaining party did have such a residence of two months immediately prior to the election or not. Residence is often a question almost purely of intention. For instance a man leaves here to-day on a visit to Europe, and returns only the day before the election next fall. He is clearly a resident of Ebensburg, although he has not been in the district a single day of the two months before the election, for it was not his intention to make his permanent abode in Europe when he left, or to abandon his residence in Ebensburg. It was a mere temporary absence, and no temporary absence changes a man's intention to keep his permanent abode at the place he left. A man's permanent abode, in almost all cases, is with his family; yet a man may abandon his family, take up his residence in another State or election district, fix his permanent abode there, and he has a residence and a right to vote there. Or a man may separate from his family in one State, and fix his permanent abode in another, with no intention of severing his family relations, or getting clear of his family obligations, intending all the time to perform those duties of maintenance and care of his family which the laws of the married relation, as well as the laws of the country, impose upon him. Suppose a man removes from this State, leaving his family behind him, and goes to Kansas with the intention of fixing his residence there if he finds the soil and climate suitable, and, after making the necessary investigations, he finds the country suitable to his ideas in these respects, and he buys property and arranges for the maintenance of his family there, and then returns to this State for the purpose of taking them to their new home; and the family refuses to accompany him, and he then says, 'Well, I will go and live there myself; I don't care to exercise my authority as head of the family to compel my wife and children to go there when they are averse to doing so. I have purchased a property there that suits me, and I will go and reside there and take care of the property I have bought. I will live there by myself as my family refuses to accompany me. In the meantime I will support my family in Pennsylvania, visit them when I can, but I will not reside there.' In such a case the man's intention to make Kansas his home, and his removal there in pursuance of that intention, makes Kansas his residence, although his family remains in Pennsylvania. It is a clear abandonment of his residence in Pennsylvania, and, therefore, while ordinarily a man's residence is with his family, there may be cases in which he will have a residence apart from his family. This, the plaintiff alleges and swears, was the case with him. If it was the case—if he separated from his family for the purpose of business, for the purpose of pursuing his lawful calling in Blacklick township, of this county and State, and his family, either from convenience or pleasure, declined to come with him, and he chose to maintain the harmonious and affectionate family relations as they existed before as nearly as he could owing to the inconvenient distance that was between them—if he removed from Maryland to Blacklick township with the intention of fixing in that township his permanent abode apart from his family, and not merely for the purpose of temporarily attending to the lands of Dr. Rex, he had such a residence as to qualify him to vote at the elections in that district, so far as residence is concerned.

* * * * * * * *

"On the part of the plaintiff, the Court is requested to instruct the jury that a citizen who has resided in Pennsylvania one year and upwards, in pursuance of his lawful calling, made his home in a particular election district for over sixty days, with the intention of making said district his residence, and is duly registered therein, claiming the same as his residence, and having all the necessary qualifications, is entitled to vote in said election district, notwithstanding he may have a wife and family residing in another State."

ANSWER.

This is correct, as we have already instructed you, and is affirmed.

CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a correct transcript of that part of the charge of the Court, in the case of A. T. Pindle vs. George W. Empfield, William Simmons and William Bracken, which relates to the question of residence, and also that the answer to the plaintiff's point, as here transcribed, is correct.

J. FRANK CONDON,
Court Reporter, 24th Judicial District of Pennsylvania.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WEIRD TALES OF THE MOUNTAINS.

TALE THE SECOND.

Once on a time, when folks now old were young,
When virgin woods their spicy breath outflung,
When people lived in cabins built of logs,
And bears and wolves were plentiful as dogs,
The wild deer bounded through the forest free,
While lesser game thrived in unshackled glee,
And wild bees filled the hollow trees with honey,
Which bears and folks did claim without the money.
The fresh-burnt clearing filled the harvest wain
With numerous dozens of the full-eared grain,
With maize-patch near the house brought golden store
To feed the brawling porkers full and more,
Besides for corn-cake, mush and smoking pone,
Which made the long pine tables fairly groan.
'T was cheery to the heart in winter weather,
The settler's family to see together,
All seated round the board at evening hour,
The great wide fire-place breathing genial power,
While kittens, cats and dogs, the warmth enjoyed,
And little crickets there themselves employed
In chirping cheerily the livelong eve,
While "murz" and girls the worsted socks did weave.
The father thanked the God of all the earth,
While all the smiling youngsters checked their mirth;
The purring puss sat by in cozy nook,
And watch in play an antic kitten shook;
Nor was the scene outside less full and warm,
For all was fortified against the storm.
The cattle housed in straw up to their eyes,
The horses busy with their oat supplies,
The poultry on their roost were high from fear
Of furry night-marauders wandering near.
From such a home one sparkling starry night,
Before the moon 'gan to dispense her light,
A robust youth, whose blood did freely course
Thro' veins enlivened by the vital force,
His steps inclined to some near husking frolic,
Where all the neighbor youth could husk and rollick;
First strippling golden corn of feathery husk
And then, at midnight, came the tea and rusk,
With all such dainties as the heart could wish
High heaped upon the merry husker's dish.
But we must trim the sails of fancy's boat,
And in the true course of our story float;
He wended on his course 'neath towering pine,
Where gloom and grandeur did with night combine.
The tall and warm-leaved mullin by the road
Oft' met his furtive glance as on he strode;
Yet in the virgin forest's bosom grew
The tangling thicket, and the wild vine, too,
And trees, that throve long time in stately pride,
Lay prone and rotting by their offspring's side.
Now, as the stout young woodsman onward hied,
A fearsome place beyond he soon descried,
Where oft, as eve was darkening into night,
Some ghostly sounds had given the traveller fright.
For many times, in deep and silent wood,
Where Quietude herself did always brood,
A falling sound was heard to break the spell,
As 'twere some ponderous something downward fell;
As home the tired woodsman trudged at night,
This fearsome sound was sure to give him fright.
Sometimes the eerie scene would take a change,
For sounds and sights took place exceeding strange;
Of ghostly jibbering from the wooded glen,
Weird, flickering gleamings met the woodsman's ken,
And misty fire-clouds roll among the trees,
Then all would cease and melt by slow degrees.
This was the spot our youth had now to pass,
And all alone, without a strengthening glass;
For folks in those days thought it never harm
To take a brew to keep the stomach warm,
But far ahead, a sound now smote his ear,
Of horse and rider fast approaching near!
A bright idea then illumed his mind,
That he might personate the ghostly kind,
To climb a tree o'er head was his intent,
And to that end his powers he nimbly bent.
So in our next we'll tell you well in brief
How this young fellow played the Indian chief.

A. D. H.

EBENSBURG & CRESSON RAILROAD.

Trains on the Ebensburg and Cresson Branch Railroad run as follows under the existing time table:

MORNING TRAIN—Leaves Ebensburg at 7.10 and arrives at Cresson at 8.10. Returning, leaves Cresson at 11.40 and arrives in Ebensburg at 12.40 P. M.

AFTERNOON TRAIN—Leaves Ebensburg at 3.10 and arrives at Cresson at 4.10. Returning, leaves Cresson at 5.40 and arrives in Ebensburg at 6.40.

Both trains (morning and afternoon) on the E. & C. R. R. connect at Cresson with trains going east and west on the main line of the P. R. R.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.* Sept. 1, 1882.-1y.

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. [5-26.-5½m.]

REV. F. P. SAYLOR, formerly of Adams township, this county, is the Temperance candidate for Congress in the Warren, Venango, and Erie district. It is quite natural that a sailor should take kindly to water.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN KILLINS, dec'd.

Letters testamentary to the estate of John Killins, late of Barr township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will be required to have them properly authenticated for settlement and present them to

CATHARINE KILLINS,
St. Nicholas, Sept. 15, 1882.-6t. Executrix.

Marchal & Smith Piano Co.



BY SENDING Direct from Factory to Purchaser, Avoiding Agents' commissions, Middlemen's profits, and all the expenses and risks which add so largely to the cost of Pianos, we can furnish a Beautiful Rosewood Piano of the

Largest Size, 7 1-3 Octaves, 6 feet 10 in. long, 3 feet 1 in. wide, with Handsome Cover, Stool, Book and Music for

$196

Guaranteed Six Years, Sent for trial and examination. Purchaser takes no responsibility till the Piano is tested and approved in his own home.

NO AGENTS.

After Twenty Years Without One Dissatisfied Purchaser we offer a full size First-class Rosewood Piano, Doubled Veneered throughout, with Solid Rosewood Mouldings, Full Iron Frame, French Grand Action, Overstrung Bass, Capped Hammers, [illegible] Treble, Carved Legs, Carved Lyre, Triple Veneered Wrest Plank, Patent Covered Bass Strings, Resonant Sound Board, Solid Bottom, Patent Duplex Scale, and every improvement, with beautiful Cover, Stool, Music and Instruction Book,

MAKING **A Complete Musical Outfit for $196,**

And securing to every purchaser facilities for a thorough musical education. Send with your order the guarantee of your bank, or some responsible business man, that the Piano will be paid for promptly or returned to us, and we will ship it to you for fifteen days' trial and examination. If Piano is returned, we pay freight both ways.

PURCHASER TAKES NO RESPONSIBILITY

till Piano is received and approved. A moment's consideration will show the certainty of securing a superior instrument from us. Our system puts each Piano on its own merits, by submitting it to tests where no one can mislead in its favor, and where every interest is to find defects, if any exist. A Piano that passes triumphantly through such crucial test may surely claim to be second to none in the world, and the purchaser may well feel secure in having a Piano that stands first in its class. Send in your order at once, and it will have immediate attention. If you do not want an instrument yourself, will you please hand this offer to a friend who wishes to purchase. MARCHAL & SMITH, 8 West Eleventh Street, New York.

Orders may be sent through the Publishers of this Paper

PATENT IMPROVED

SPRING-TOOTH HARROW.

ONE OF THE BEST FARM TOOLS EVER INVENTED.

Tried and Tested Successfully. Gives General Satisfaction.

TOOTH CANNOT SLIP.

Farmers can save the price of one of these Harrows in a very short time, in time and labor saved in going over the ground, as once going over prepares and mellows it up in such a condition to receive the seed as would not be obtained in going over three or four times with any of the ordinary Harrows. It is also the best seed-coverer in the world.

Ground prepared by this Harrow will yield a larger crop than by any other agricultural implement, because it pulverizes the ground thoroughly, cuts the soil from the bottom, shakes it up, and leaves it in a loose condition; in so doing it shakes out all grass, thistle and weeds, leaving them on the surface in the sun, where they die much quicker than if half covered up. **For sale by**

G. HUNTLEY, Agent.

EBENSBURG, PA., SEPT. 1, 1882.-4t.

G. HUNTLEY

HAS RECENTLY REOPENED HIS

TIN-SHOP DEPARTMENT

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF A

PROFICIENT AND ACCOMMODATING WORKMAN.

REPAIR WORK, HOUSE SPOUTING and ROOFING

ATTENDED TO ON SHORT NOTICE AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

—100— Years Now Ready. New Edition. LADIES in the **WHITE House.** The ONLY BOOK of the kind ever published. A HISTORY of every Administration from WASHINGTON to the present time, with over 20 Steel Portraits of Ladies of the White House, with views of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. AGENTS WANTED. Send for Circulars, with full particulars, to BRADLEY & CO., 66 N. Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

HYMENEAL.

MORROW—SHENKLE.—Married, at the residence of the bride's cousin, Dr. J. A. Taylor, in Atlantic, Iowa, on Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1882, by Rev. John Herron, Mr. WM. M. MORROW, of Blair county, Pa., and Miss MARY SHENKLE, daughter of Mr. David Shenkle, of near Ebensburg, Pa.

The above announcement will be read with sincere pleasure by the many admiring friends of the fair and amiable young bride, who left this place about one year ago for Iowa, where she engaged in school teaching, and where the now happy husband sought her out and secured a priceless treasure by marrying her. The newly wedded couple immediately started east on their bridal tour and expect to reach this place, where a right royal welcome awaits them, the early part of next week. That God may bless and prosper them in their new relations to each other is the earnest prayer of all who enjoy their acquaintance, and to that prayer the printer, whom they very kindly remembered, wishes to add a most hearty amen, coupled with the hope that their lives may be long and that neither pain, grief nor sorrow may ever intrude on our friends, who are happy to-day and we trust will be joyful to Morrow—and for all time to come.

YEAGER—ANNA.—Married, in St. Benedict's church, Carrolltown, on Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1882, by Rev. Prior Otto, Mr. PETER YEAGER, of Elder township, and Miss BARBARA ANNA, of Carroll township.

OBITUARY.

HUGHES.—Died, in Munster township, on Saturday, Sept. 9, 1882, Mrs. ELIZA HUGHES, wife of Thomas J. Hughes, aged about 32 years.

The deceased was a daughter of 'Squire Ellis (also deceased,) of Wilmore, and her mother died on the 1st of last July at the identical place where she herself died as above stated. It can be truly said of Mrs. Hughes that she faithfully performed all the duties of a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother, a good neighbor and a good woman—the latter comprehending everything. Her husband and six small children are left to mourn the great loss they have sustained. Her remains were interred in Lloyd cemetery, near this place, Monday afternoon, whither they were accompanied by a large cortege of sorrowing relatives and friends.

COOPER.—Died, in Summerhill, on Sunday evening, Sept. 10, 1882, Mrs. J. R. COOPER, aged 64 years, 8 months and 20 days.

STRAY CATTLE.—Came to the farm of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, Cambria county, on or about the 1st of August last, two head of yearlings—a steer and heifer. The steer is red and white and the heifer has a white back and speckled sides. No marks. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away; otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

JOHN McDERMIT.
Clearfield Twp., Sept. 15, 1882.-3t.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

Three Doors West of Postoffice,

HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.
Sept. 15, 1882.-4t.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Farmers, Look Here!

I have on hand, ready for sale, a lot of those justly celebrated ONE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN

Tread Powers and Threshers.

Also, a few TWO-HORSE POWERS and

THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS

(Separators), which I will dispose of at reasonable prices. The merits of these Machines are so well and widely known that I need only say they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. These Machines are part of the unfinished stock left among the effects of my deceased brother, Joshua Gilbert, and therefore they will be sold cheap.

Sale rooms on the Fair ground, near the Altoona Car Works. For further information call on or address FREDERICK GILBERT,
Sept. 15, '82.-3m. Box 785, ALTOONA, PA.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE RICH NEW BOOK

TREASURY of SONG

For the HOME CIRCLE. A rich volume of 300 best loved Gems chosen from the whole realm of Music. Usual cost, $87! Here, only $2.50. No book like it. *No competition!* Sale is immense! Eminent citizens say: "*A treasury of pleasure for every home.*"—O. H. Tiffany, D. D. "*A perfect marvel of excellence and cheapness.*"—G. A. Peltz, D. D. "*Full of genuine gems.*"—F. L. Robbins, D. D. "*I like it.*"—W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc. "*It meets a real household want.*"—A. J. Gordon, D. D. "*Its contents will bring genial sunshine to the home.*"—Prof. W. F. Sherwin. "*I have examined this sumptuous volume with great delight.*"—J. H. Vincent, D. D. "*It should be in every household in the land.*"—Prof. C. C. Case. Three million homes want it—hence it is a grand chance to earn money. *Sample pages, etc., free.* Address HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety **Books & Bibles** low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE of VALUABLE Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., there will be offered at public sale, at the *Court House* in the Borough of Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882,

At 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., all the following described real estate:

No. 1—One Hundred ACRES of LAND

lying and being in the townships of Blacklick and Jackson, being part of a larger tract warranted in the name of Adam Ran, adjoining lands of the Cambria Land Company, lands of the late Robert Gillan (being part of the same warrantee tract), and the Moore & Piper lands.

No. 2—One Hundred Acres Land

situate on the north branch of Blacklick creek and adjoining lands of Sam'l George, lands of Moore & Piper, and lands of the late Robert Gillan, being part of a larger tract warranted in the name of Adam Ran, and lands of Dewoay & Duncan.

The above described lands are underlaid with valuable coal and other minerals.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash and the balance in six and twelve months; deferred payments to bear interest at 6 per cent.

A. T. PINDLE,
Sept. 15, '82.-6t. Assignee of JOHN LAMEREAUX.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,

EBENSBURG, PA.,



CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

1794. 1882.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y,

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

Swedish Insect Powder Kills

POTATO BUGS

And all Troublesome Vermin.

It will thoroughly exterminate Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Lice, Moths, Tobacco and Cotton Worms, &c. It is safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. It will not poison animals or fowls. Sample package by mail 30 cents, post-paid. Stamps taken. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. Address JAS. H. JOHNSTON, 169 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [5-26.-3m.]

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John Lamereaux, of Blacklick township, Cambria county, Pa., and Margaret, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Lamereaux to A. T. Pindle, of the same township, county and State aforesaid, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of the said John Lamereaux. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said John Lamereaux will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. A. T. PINDLE,
Assignee of John Lamereaux.
Blacklick Twp., Sept. 8, 1882.-6t.

Real Estate at Private Sale!

THE undersigned offers at private sale a valuable FARM, situate in Munster township, one mile west of Cresson, containing 185 Acres, about 45 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a large two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, PLANK STABLE and necessary outbuildings. There is an orchard of choice fruit trees and an abundance of good water on the premises. The land is in the vicinity of good markets, and is well adapted for farming and raising stock. For terms apply to

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
Sept. 1, 1882.-3m. Pittsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOSIAH M. CHRISTY, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Josiah M. Christy, late of Gallitzin borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement, to

REBECCA ANN CHRISTY,
Administratrix of JOSIAH M. CHRISTY, dec'd.
Gallitzin, Pa., Aug. 11, 1882.-6t.*

DR. M. J. BUCK,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-'80.-tf.]

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AT

Hasson's New CHEAP STORE,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

IF YOU WANT ANY OF THE

Honest Goods at Honest Prices

EMBRACED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST:

ALUM,	DRIED APPLES,	NEEDLES,
ALLSPICE,	" CORN,	NUTS,
AXLE GREASE,	" PEACHES,	OILS,
BAKING POWDER,	DRESS LININGS,	ORANGES,
" SODA,	EXTRACTS and ESSENCES,	PENS,
BEANS,	FIGS,	PENHOLDERS,
BLACKING,	FISH,	PEPPER,
" BRUSHES,	" HOOKS,	PINS,
BLUEING,	" LINES,	PIPES,
BORAX,	FLOUR,	PRUNES,
BRAID,	FRUITS,	RAISINS,
BR'KFAST BACON,	GINGER,	RICE,
BROOMS,	GINGHAMS,	ROPE HALTERS,
BUTTONS,	GUN CAPS,	SALT,
CALICOES,	" POWDER,	SARDINES,
CAMPHOR,	HAIR PINS,	SCISSORS,
CASTOR OIL,	HAMS,	SCRUB BRUSHES,
CARBON OIL,	HANDKERCHIEFS,	SEW'G MACH'E OIL,
CARPET TACKS,	HOMINY,	SHIRTINGS,
CANNED APPLES,	HOOKS and EYES,	SHOE LACERS,
" CORN,	HOSE,	SHOT,
" PEACHES,	INDIGO,	SILK TWIST,
" PEARS,	INK,	" THREAD,
" TOMATOES,	JELLIES (all kind),	SOAPS,
CHEESE,	LAMP CHIMNEYS,	SPICES,
CHEVIOTS,	" WICKS,	STARCH,
CHOCOLATE,	" BURNERS,	STOCKINGS,
CIGARS,	LAUDANUM,	STOVE POLISH,
CINNAMON,	LEAD PENCILS,	SUGARS,
CLOVES,	LEMONS,	SUSPENDERS,
CLOTHES PINS,	LINEN CRASH,	SWEET OIL,
COFFEES,	MACARONI,	TEAS,
CORN STARCH,	MATCHES,	THREAD,
CORSET JEANS,	MOLASSES,	TUBS,
COMBS,	MUSLINS,	WASHBOARDS,
CRACKERS,	MUSTARD,	WASHING SODA,
CREAM TARTER,	NAILS,	WOODEN BUCKETS,
CURRANTS,		YEAST POWDER,

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

NO OLD GOODS OF ANY KIND!

ALL FRESH!--ALL FINE!--ALL CHOICE!--ALL CHEAP!

A Liberal Share of Public Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

Louis Cook Manufacturing Co.'s

CARRIAGE WORKS,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE in the World.

FULL CAPACITY, 1,000 PER WEEK.

"THE STANDARD VEHICLES"

ARE MADE AT THESE WORKS, EMBRACING

Brewster, Whitney, Cooper and Timpkin Side Bars, and Salidee or Monarch Triple Spring Buggies.

Greatest Varieties of Styles,
The Finest Two and Three Spring Phætons,
The Handsomest Barouches in the Market,
Stylish Carriages, Four and Six Passengers,
Canopy Top Basket Phætons,
The Best Platform Spring Wagons,
Rail Bed and and Plain Side Wagons,
Open and Top Surrey Wagons.

COOK'S "STANDARD VEHICLES" are known all the world over as the BEST for the LEAST MONEY. Do not under any circumstances buy until you have sent for our Circular of Styles and Prices. Wholesale trade a SPECIALTY. Remember we make our own Wheels, the SARVENT PATENT, and warrant every vehicle. [7-28,'82.-6m.]

WHEN YOU WANT

PURE FRESH DRUGS OR PATENT MEDICINES!

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AT

JAMES' NEW DRUG STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.

PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!

LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, ETC.

—o—

Also, a very full and complete stock of

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY!

POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY

TOILET SETS, ETC., ETC.

PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

C. T. ROBERTS,

DEALER IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,

Notions, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.

VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.

RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

GEO. M. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. ☞ Office on Centre street.

JOSEPH McDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA. ☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

SUBTERRANEAN GARDENING.

HOW MUSHROOMS ARE GROWN IN THE DARKNESS OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

"It is a queer place for a garden, sure enough, and the place is no stranger than the garden. A mushroom garden in the Mammoth Cave is a curiosity to most persons," said Dr. M. F. Coomes to a reporter. The doctor has just returned from a trip to Mammoth Cave, and brings back with him some very odd stories of that mysterious place.

"You doubtless remember," he continued, "seeing an account of a garden going to be started in the cave. I was rather curious to see whether it had been materialized when I was down there the other day. You may remember that a Frenchman tried to grow some mushrooms some time ago in the cave, but for some reason he failed. I found, however, when I went down, that another Frenchman had been employed and that he had made a success of it.

"I went along the 'short route' to the mushroom bed with very exalted ideas of what such a thing must look like. About a quarter of a mile we came to the bed. The cave at this place is sixty or seventy feet high, and some forty feet or more in width. It was pitchy dark—darker than anything you can imagine if you have never been in a cave. The guide brought me over to a little ridge like elevation at one side of a vast room. "This, he said, was the mushroom bed. It was about eight feet long, and from a base of twenty inches it tapered up, making a kind of a cone. The sides of this was covered with mushrooms, and in the light of the lamp they look large and white. The Frenchman who manages the bed can speak no English, and as I could not speak enough French to make him understand, out conversation was rather limited. I found out from others, though, nearly all I wanted to learn.

"The bed is in a room, the temperature of which is 65 the year round. It never varies, winter or summer. The air is damp, and as its character never changes during the year, the Frenchman has something definite to work on. Changes in temperature and moisture, and the different seasons which cause other tillers of the soil so much uneasiness, affect him not. He plants his strange crop in the bowels of the earth amid profound darkness; sees that it is properly nourished; and garners it with as much certainty and regularity as if it were the work of machinery.

"From what I could learn the way mushrooms are raised is this: First, horse manure is taken and put through a peculiar process, the secret of which the Frenchman alone knows. I know the object of it is to make it as fine and well powdered as possible. Something may be mingled with it. It is arranged in a ridge like the one I have just described. Then the spawn are put into it. These spawn come from Paris and are very costly. I don't know how long it takes before you have the mushrooms of commerce, but after they once break through the sides of the ridge they mature very rapidly, and sometimes in forty-eight hours. Just before the little plant pushes through the manure a thin layer of sand is spread over the ridge—to keep it in the heat probably.

"There is one old fact about the plant that is hard to explain. They grow in round patches and are cut off as soon as they come out. When the patch has been entirely cut away, and no more spring up, another patch similar in size comes up in exactly the spot on the other side of the ridge. This is always the case.

"The present has been a great success, Forty pounds of mushrooms have already been cut off from this little eight foot ridge, and any one who knows how light mushrooms are can form an estimate of how many of them it will take to make forty pounds. They have all been very large and finely flavored, too. Some have been taken out weighing eight ounces. They gave me a couple, one of which was large as a mouth of a teacup. They have not sold any of them yet, but have taken them to Philadelphia, New York and other places.

"There are about four acres of ground in the cave available to mushroom growing, and form the amount raised on the eight foot ridge, you can have an idea of how many thousands of tons four acres can produce. It would almost supply the world. The only difficulty so far is to obtain the manure cheap enough. If this can be overcome the proprietors expect to begin to raise mushrooms on a gigantic scale. I don't think there will be much trouble in getting the manure. So you see the world may yet be supplied with mushrooms from Mammoth Cave."

THE FIRST SIGN OF CONSUMPTION.—It is not as extensively known as it ought to be that, in the large majority of cases, consumption begins with a little cough in the morning on getting up. After a while it is perceived at night on going to bed, next, there is an occasional "coughing spell" some time during the night; by this time there is difficulty in breathing on any slightly unusual exercise, or in ascending a hill.

Even before this, persons begin to feel weak, while there is an almost imperceptible thinning in flesh, and a gradual diminishing in weight—harassing cough, loose bowels, difficult breathing, swollen extremities, daily fever and a miserable death! Miserable, because it is tedious, painful and inevitable. How much it is to be wished that the symptoms of this dangerous disease were generally studied and understood, that it might be detected in its first insidious approaches, and application made at once for its arrest and total eradication; for certain it is that in many instances it could be accomplished.

It must be remembered that the cough is not an invariable attendant of consumption of the lungs, inasmuch as many persons have died, and on examination a large portion of the lung was found to have decayed away, and yet these persons were never noticed to have had a cough or observed it themselves, until within a few days of death. But such coughs on getting up and going to bed, may be set down as indicating consumption begun. Cough, as just stated, is originally a curative process, the means which nature uses to rid the body of the disease or that which offends, or that which is foreign to the system and ought to be out of it: hence the folly of using medicine to put down the cough, as all cough remedies sold in the shops merely do, without taking means at the same time for removing that which makes cough necessary.—*Jour. Health.*

CELERY.—I have known many men and women, who, from various causes, had become so much affected with nervousness, that when they put out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on a windy day—and by a daily moderate use of the blanched foot stalks of celery as a salad they become as strong and steady in limbs as other people.

I have known others, so very nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation and were almost in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use celery daily in its season and onions in its stead when not in season.—*Christian at Work.*

THE sorrowful tree, so named because it flourishes only at night, grows upon the island of Goa, near Bombay. The flowers, which have a fragrant odor, appear soon after sunset, and close up and fall off as the sun rises.

TWENTY-NINTH EXHIBITION

—OF THE—



Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society

—AND—

SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

—OF THE—



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D. W. SEILER, Recording Secretary.	E. P. YOUNG, General Manager.
ELBRIDGE McCONKEY, Correspond'g Sec'y.	J. C. PATTERSON, Secretary.

AUGUST 11, 1882.—8t.

For Autumn Wear.

Our Bargain sections offer many lots of Clothing for men and boys, well adapted for Fall wear, at an average of forty per cent off from the low prices established at our June Upset Sale.

You may save the cost of a journey to the city, and perhaps much more, on a single suit of clothing.

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Oak Hall, Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

$12,000 WORTH

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WHICH DEFIES COMPETITION IN

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Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

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OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1881.-1y*

M. E. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ALTOONA, PA. ☞ Office over the First National Bank Entrance on 11th avenue, second door from 12th street, Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.

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THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

The placing of barbed wire fences around farms, usurping the place of the old rail fence, destroys more than one-half of the pleasure of farming. There is something about the old rail fence that is real comforting, and the barbed wire fence is forbidding, cold, repulsive. Until you come to think of it, there does not seem as though there was a great deal of solid comfort in a rail fence, but there is. Did you ever see two farmers leaning against a rail fence, whitling or talking politics or a horse trade for two hours together? They are more comfortable, and rest more than they would if they were occupying the softest sofa or the best stuffed arm chair in the country. There are so many shapes a man can get into to rest on a rail fence. First the farmer will fold his arms and rest them on the top rail and lean his breast on the fence and talk for half an hour, until his legs gets tired, then he will step his one foot up on the second rail from the bottom, and stand and whittle for half an hour until the top of of the rail is as smooth as a piece of mahogany. Then he will change feet and lean one elbow on the second rail from the top, and sharpen his knife on his boot, and talk for half an hour about how he is going to pay the mortgage on the farm next year. After that position becomes irksome he will turn his back to the fence, stand on his heel and place his two elbows on the top rail and lean against the fence, and for half an hour he will tell about how the old mare he is trying to trade off cleaned out all the teams on the road coming back from the celebration at town, after the fireworks on the Fourth, and how if he was not fixed as he is, and wanted the twenty dollars boot money to send Nathan off to the select school, there is no man on earth to buy that mare. Then he will get tired and stand around sideways, put his left arm up on the fence, and begin to whittle again and swear that the man who is running the cheese factory down on the corner is skinning us men out of our eye teeth. Without going in to details as to ninty-nine other combinations by which the farmer may rest on, about or on a rail fence, it may not be out of place to speak of sitting on top of a fence. The farmer, after trying several positions, will instinctively climb the fence and rest on the top rail, their feet resting on the third rail from the top, which is always laid with projection enough to make good footing, and an hour will pass as the fellows will talk of the times when they settled in the country, and of the hardships they have endured, and of the children who have grown up and gone away, and the conversation will drift into a sleepy channel, and the sun will begin to sink in the west, and the horny-handed sons of toil will suddenly remember that the chores are to be done, and with a "good night, Lige," and a "drop around again to-morrow, Ike" they separate, and one will take a milk pail and a one-legged stool and go toward the lot where the cows have come home, while the other will go across the road to the barn and throw down some hay for the horses, and they will both go to bed at eight o'clock as tired as though they had been mowing, but they had a pleasant, easy visit on the old rail fence.

QUEER HAPPENINGS.—A cloud, seen in Guatemala for eight consecutive days was found to consist of seeds floating in the air.

An Ontario farmer, Nathan Briscoe, died in fifteen minutes from the effects of a bee sting on the forehead.

A Hawkinsville, Ga., man weighs 225 pounds, his wife 220, and their fifteen living children are all heavy weights.

While plowing in a field bear Opelousis, La., a negro struck a jar containing $1,000 in Spanish silver coins of the date of 1779.

Louisville was darkened recently by a flight of black flies which covered the street lamps so that their light was almost entirely obscured.

A dog belonging to the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, had its leg broken. After meditating, apparantly, for a time it ran to the river, dived under the water and was drowned.

A. B. Camp, a miner of San Benite, had just kissed his wife, who had come to visit him after many years of separation, and, as they were leaving the tunnel, he a little in advance, the roof fell in and she was killed.

While sinking a shaft in the gold mine of Cary Cox, in Cherokee county, Ga., many feet below the surface the workmen came upon two human heads carved out of marble. They were not finished, but had evidently been cut with good tools, and lay upon a bed of slate.

As Charles Siloway, engineer, of Mechanicsburg, was entering a cut with a train, he saw the embankment giving way, and, knowing he could not stop his train in time to avert an accident he pulled the throttle wide open. The train sped with lightning-like rapidity, and had barely cleared the cut when the earth fell, covering the track ten feet deep for a distance of 200 feet.

The farm of George Smith, in Faulkner county, Arkansas, has been under cultivation for more than halfa century, yet, as he was plowing a field recently, he turned up some ancient relics; and in a ravine, recently swept by an overflow, he found a large number of human skeletons, with earthern bowls, shells and arrows. The skulls were all encased in a vessel made of clay, and one, with handsomely engraved ornaments, seemed to denote that the skull belonged to an important personage.

FARMERS' BOYS.—J. M. Stahl, in the *Ohio Farmer*, in an article on Model Farmers,' notes one of the peculiarities of the class as follows: "The model farmer encourages the boys. A good many people wonder why so many stick to it. A farmer boy is treated just in the right way to make him dislike his occupation. He is given worn-out tools, and expected to do a large day's work with them. He is expected to run all the errands—carry away all the refuse vegetables from the house, turn the grindstone, and slop the hogs while the men are resting at dinner. He is thanked in scolding and paid in foul dealings. This picture is not overdrawn. Farmer boys have a long, hard row to hoe, and a dull, heavy rusty hoe to do it with. The model farmer recognizes this fact and encourages the boys—and his daughters, too, for that matter. He gives the boys a few hogs or calves to feed, and does not pocket the money, either, when he sells them. I have known farmers to do this, and it is the meanest thing they can do. —to give one of their children a motherless lamb or a runty pig, tell them it is their own, and then when they have made a good animal out of it, sell it and pocket the proceeds. It is lying and cheating both combined and the model farmer does not do it. On the contrary, he lets the boys purchase with their money, and thus by safe bargains make a little money for themselves. And it is a fact worthy of note that his boys are good workers, and till the parental acres when they become men. The model farmer is mighty good to the boys."

THE banana "tree" is a shrub. But the bunch of fruit is produced on a stalk, which is usually cut with the fruit; the latter is rarely permitted to ripen. If the stalk is left it dies; but the root throws up new ones the next season. The fruit grows in a single season from the root.

A COTSWOLD two years old will shear on the average 8 pounds of wool, at 30 cents per pound.

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Because over 5000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.

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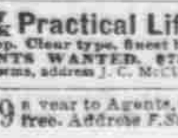
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